THE CALIFORNIAN.

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THE FORESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY ABBOT KINNEY.

EVERY true man loves the forest. The gnarled oak, the stiff, slim pine and colossal Sequoia each has for the forester a story, a character and a confidence. The leafy shades and the bosky dell have their delights of silence and solitude. On the upland ridge the breezes clash the needles of the tall old pines high in the air. To the lover listening below it is a sweet song of sorrow borne to him on a fragrant breath. To the forest rambler California opens a new field of interest. Its forest flora is quite distinct from that of the rest of the world; and the general appearance of the California woods is altogether different from that of any forest elsewhere.

One of the points attracting curious consideration in our forests is the number of trees restricted in their native habitat to a few acres of ground and found naturally nowhere else on the globe. Who has not heard of the giant Sequoia? Who has not heard of its girth and its grandeur, of its wonderful bark like the velvet of Lyons, and the towering stretch of its arms to the azure?

These great trees are now, at least intellectually, the property of the world. Like all great things, description may so paint them in free fancy's breadth that, to the thus attracted visitor they are a disappointment. Many of man's great monuments have disappointed me and left a regret that I had ever exchanged the picture of my imagination for a reality far inferior. I have never and can never forgive to Rome the disappointment it gave me. Romulus and the she wolf for nurse, the good Numa and the cruel Tarquin, the Horatii and the Curatii in their desperate fight, the defense of the bridge, Cato, Pompey and great Cæsar, whose death was no physic for the sick republic, and then the long line of emperors graced with Marcus Aurelius and cursed with Nero, to the Goths and fall of empire, then the Popes, the pestilence, Rienzi like a ray of light, then Popes and grandest ritual to deck their wondrous power, and Rafael and Michael Angelo, and then new Italy and its king;—all these and many more had been playing artists in my brain, and had there painted and set up a Rome that made me long to see the real Eternal City. But all my great town, except the Coliseum alone, crumbled to dust when I touched it. Not that it was not great and interesting, but that it in no way matched my creation. After wandering about in tombs and churches and narrow Italian streets, not Roman ones, for ten long days, I left Rome and never wish to set foot within its gates again. The great trees may thus disappoint some of those who travel by tourist ticket and who see them but for a few passing moments. You can not see them so. Every day that you are with them they will grow on you.

They are in this respect like Niagara. One must be with them for a time to understand their greatness and appreciate their age.

Perhaps the two things about these trees that most impress the passing traveler are the house on the stump of one great tree and the driveway cut in another through which a four-in-hand, loaded on top as well as inside, can drive without crowding. As the drag passes where the heart of the tree once was it is directly under the green and living top hundreds of feet nearer the sky.

These big trees, together with a number of other species, now only found in California, were once widely distributed. Fossil remains of some of them have been found even in the frozen soil of Greenland. Their extinction in other parts of the world seems sadly enough to be their destiny in California.

The mild and equable climate of this State has perpetuated them long after less favorable conditions have supervened elsewhere to make the environment fatal to their life.

The condition which is preventing, in all probability, their reproduction in California, is a progressive diminution of humidity in the air.

Humboldt is the first who remarked on this condition. One rarely sees a wild seedling Sequoia of either variety, a seedling Sugar Pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) or Monterey Cypress (*Cupressus Macrocarpa*). This is also true of the Torrey Pine, the Wild Cherry of Catalina and of many of our trees and shrubs; while on the other hand there is a strong reproductive power in others of the California trees such as the Douglas Spruce, Monterey Pine, several of the oaks, etc.

Speaking generally, the trees that are dying out through non-reproduction have small seeds with a minimum of stored food for the seedling, while those that are taking their place have large seeds with an ample store of nourishment for the baby plant to carry it through the long dry season.

The seeds of the two great Sequoias are exceedingly small and light, a fact the more notable on account of the great size of the parent trees. The seeds of all these species that are losing ground are fertile in themselves, and with proper care come up as freely and evenly in the nursery of the gardener as do those of the others; but in the struggle for existence on the mountains and plains they are unable to cope with the changing climate, or with the newer and better adapted species.

Several groves of the Sequoia Gigantea or Big Trees are found in California. This great tree is now native only to California, and in this State is confined to one range of mountains, the Sierra Nevada. The largest grove is a true forest, and lies back of Fresno in the southern Sierra.

The largest tree in the world has only recently been found. It is a Sequoia gigantea and measures 160 feet in circumference at the highest point a man can reach from the ground. This tree stands in a small valley surrounded by precipices at the headwaters of the Kaweah River. The situation of this greatest tree is most appropriate. It stands in the midst of the grandest scenery in the Union. Around it tower snowy peaks twelve, fourteen and fifteen thousand feet above the sea. Forests spread over the hills and mountains and from them rush the rollicking rivers through rocky ravine and gorge, tumultuously tumbling in youth only to emerge in maturer mind to the valleys for the serious work of irrigation.

On one side of this great Sierra lies a fertile valley of California, where the grain fields are being replaced by the vine and fruit-tree through irrigation; on the other side to the east is a valley 120 feet below the level of the sea, with a salt lake receiving but not sending out water. Beyond this the country stretches desolate to the deserts of Nevada.

An interesting feature of the eastern side of the Sierra is the abruptness of

Giant Sequoia "Wawona," 28 Feet in Diameter, 275 Feet High, Mariposa Grove.

its rise from the valley below sea-level. The increase of height within a distance of five miles is more rapid and more considerable at this place and at San Jacinto Mountain above the Colorado desert, than anywhere else in the world. The effectiveness of the mountains is correspondingly increased.

The slow but sure disappearance of these magnificent monarchs of the forest is a lesson the people of New England might well take to heart. The vital statistics of the native stock in that section shows a death rate higher than the birth rate. The birth rate of a stationary population is about one in thirty-eight, that of France. The New England birth rate amongst the natives is now estimated at less than one in forty-five.

Should this condition continue the disappearance from the world of this forceful, moral and intellectual race is inevitable.

A beautiful tree is a poem and a thing of joy. Perhaps the tree that combines best beauty and grandeur is the brother of the giant Sequoia, the lovely and impressive Redwood. The Sequoia sempervirens is confined also to one range of mountains, the Coast Range near the Pacific Ocean. While vast forests of it exist and to-day form the lumber resource of California, the Redwood is not reproducing itself, but is being replaced as it is cut and burned away by other and less notable trees. It has one very exceptional trait for a conifer which is doing much to retard its disappearance. The Redwood sprouts from the cut stump and makes a numerous progeny to replace the grandeur of the parent used by the lumber pool.

The vitality of the Redwood stump is paralleled by the Redwood log. I have heard of several striking instances of these logs sprouting long after having been cut, and have seen one instance myself. It was a very large log, weather-stained and lying on two or three others in a narrow valley of the Santa Cruz Mountains. From this log were two bright little branches of redwood foliage, one about two feet long and the other six inches.

The log had been cut three years. This quality would indicate a facility for coming from the cutting which would be useful in replanting the desolated lumber districts.

The grove of big Redwoods near Santa Cruz is very much more picturesque than that of the big trees at Calaveras or elsewhere. It stands in a small side ravine with a dense growth of forest on every side.

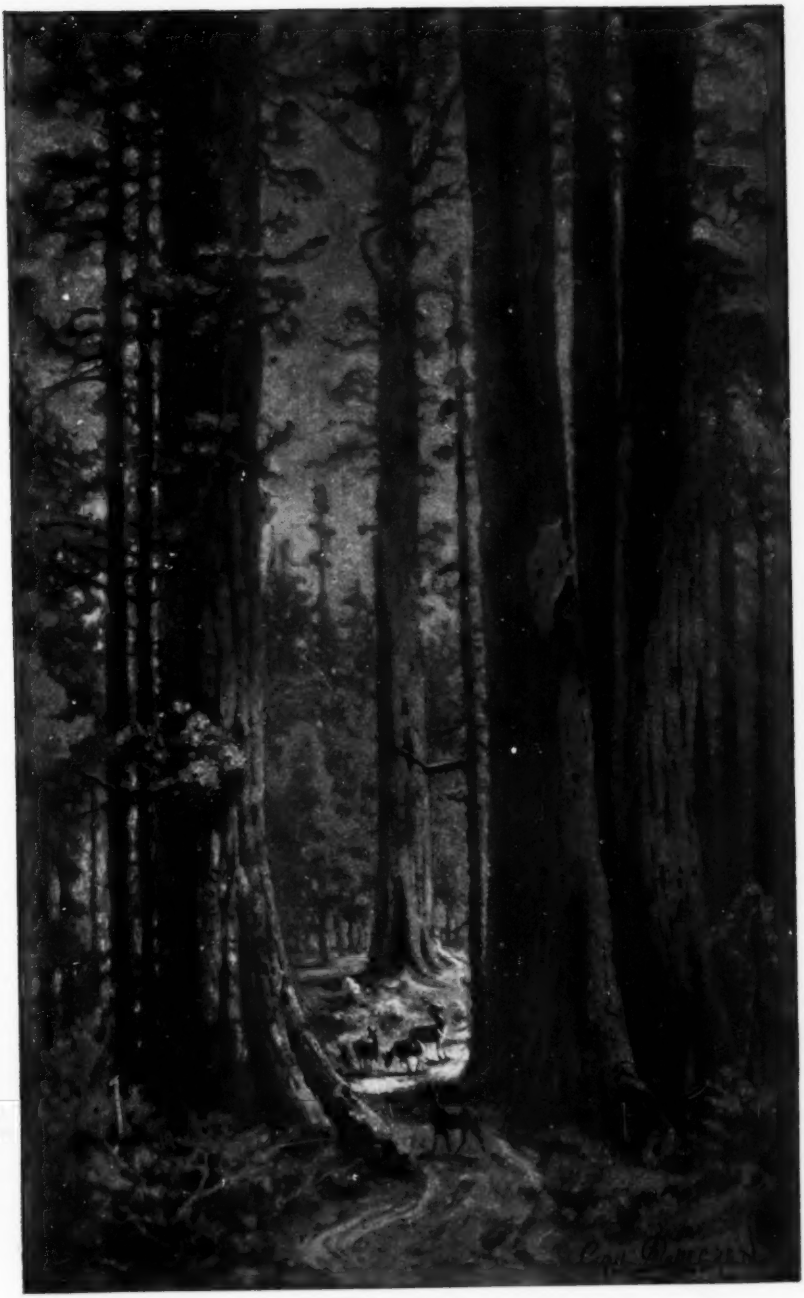
Beneath the trees creeps the pretty Yerba Buena; the thickets are threaded by trickling springs and little streams; and the whole is ornamented by ferns and tall brakes most graceful in their feathery foliage.

Every admirer of our fated forests should visit the Redwood grove of big trees at Santa Cruz. A magnificent Redwood has been cut for exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago, the illustrations in the present paper showing the section resting upon the parent stump, while the tail-piece shows the tree leaving the forest.

The Coast Range forests are full of interesting trees. One of these is the Madroña-Arbutus Menziesii. Its leaf is glossy, reminding one of the magnolia, and its bark a dark red except when at certain seasons the old bark is shed; it is then white. The Madroña bears red berries, and in the damp cañons of the Coast Range, where it is at its best, is certainly a beautiful addition to the more somber Redwoods.

It thrives in even dry situations, but when it is intended to plant this tree in dry places the seed should be taken from trees found on our dry foothills, as in the lateral valleys north of San Francisco Bay.

This discretion in seeds is very essential to the successful forester. The same species of tree often has a very wide natural range. It has now been demonstrated that the seeds of the same kind of tree have very different capacities for producing trees suited to the extremes of climate within the



Giants of the Calaveras Grove.

"Professor Gray." "Doctor John Torrey."

range of the species to which the parent tree belongs.

Thus if one desired a Douglas spruce for Scotland the seed should be sought in the damp, cool climate of Washington or Vancouver. If on the other hand the tree was desired for the Sierras of Spain the seed should be taken from the variety found on the difficult ranges that surround us here in the South. The long-coned spruce of the Sierra Madre strays down the hot southern slopes of this steep range and even joins hands in the cañons with the more adventurous sycamores coming up from the valleys. This spruce may play an important part in retimbering some of our uncultivatable foothills.

It is a beautiful tree when mature and equally attractive when young. In Southern California it is at once the victim and the ornament of our Christmas festivities. The California Holly (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) suffers also most in man's moments of merriment. Its red berries and serrated leaves are very ornamental. We have the English holly in a few mountain localities, but not sufficiently accessible to be much used.

One of the most beautiful of our native trees is the Wild Cherry of Catalina (*Prunis occidentalis*) confined in in its native habitat to that island. It is a beautiful tree of dense dark-green foliage and glossy leaves, reminding one from a distance of a perfect orange tree. The forestry station at Santa Monica will, we hope, contain some of these trees for distribution next year.

The Lawson Cypress, so splendid and so useful a timber tree in damp soil, is perhaps the most attractive of the evergreens; but it is not suited to all or even many places in the south.

When one commences a conscientious compendium of the beautiful trees of California the deserving aspirants crowd so fast around one that the task, to be properly performed, must be so unduly lengthened out as to be quite unmanageable in an article of this kind.

The oaks are well represented in California, and extend from the high Sierras to the bluffs by the sea, as at Santa Barbara.

Of these the two most useful for timber are the *Quercus Garryana* and the *Quercus oblongifolia.* The rest of the family are now used mainly for fuel; but with better information as to the treatment of the wood, and the season at which it should be cut, many of our oaks will certainly be found otherwise useful. The *Q. lobata* is the large oak common in the central valleys of the State. It is often a great tree and picturesque; but it is, in my opinion, never a peer to either the Golden Leaf Cañon or Iron Oak (*Q. chrysolepis*) of the north, or of our Red Live Oak (*Q. agrifolia*) of the south.

Both these trees have at once a friendly dignity and a beckoning beauty that suggests on the one hand ancestors and respectability, and on the other picnics and love scenes.

In them Cupid seems to play hide and seek in the beard of a patriarch.

There are two immigrants of the family that do remarkably well here, the English Oak and the Cork Oak. The latter is a good grower in Southern California; and the great commercial value of its bark should increase the planting of this tree. The gathering of the bark does not injure the tree, so its value on waste places is certain and of indefinite duration. In this respect it differs from our native Tan-bark Oak, the bark of which is so well known in commerce.

This tree is cut down and stripped of bark, and the wood left to rot, or worse,—to feed the flames that may thus gather force to destroy the young trees that would replace those cut. This oak is fast being exterminated, and as its wood brings the highest price in the northern markets for fuel it is an illustration of the waste now prevalent in all timbering and forest methods in this State.

There can be little doubt that a proper management of the tan-bark

Giant Pine on Mt. Wilson, Sierra Madre Mountains.

stripping would leave the tree alive and insure regular crops from the same trees within a few years of each other. We may safely affirm this on the experience of the quinine tree-planters in India. At first the trees were all cut down and stripped of bark as in their native woods on the Andes. Now they have found that by stripping half the bark one year and in a year or two the other half the tree lives and produces continuous crops of bark.

Our Tan-bark Oaks can do the same. As these trees have been cut largely on the public lands the laws have been violated and the people's property despoiled. The cutters being trespassers, and subject to arrest and punishment, naturally do their work in the most hasty and imperfect manner, and even set fires to hide their tracks.

When remonstrated with, these persons say that they get their living from these practices, and if they prosper what matter if after them does come the fire with its dangers, its desolation, its creation of alternate floods and draughts on the denuded watersheds? What matter, if they grow rich, that the valleys by and by should support one family where they could have supported with properly protected watersheds a hundred families?

Louis XIV of France appreciated fully the political abuses which were so severely oppressing his people; but instead of remedying them he went on in his pursuit of pleasure and personal glory, even adding burden to burden and oppression to oppression, saying with a shrug, "After me the deluge." So, sure enough, the deluge came. It came in the red blood of the nobles of France, and its flood was swelled by the blood of the Bourbons of his own royal family. The French Revolution cut away the dams and barriers of tyrannical regulation and freed the pent-up passions of the people. Injury, injustice, extortion, had filled the reservoirs thus broken. The eddying terrors of the torrent swept blindly through France, and the innocent were as often its victims as the guilty.

So must the present treatment of our forests, full of folly and crime against law, against experience, and against nature, bring its punishment. And in the desolation the innocent must go down as well as the guilty. There are, however, no innocent, for we may consider that all who stand by and see the mountain watersheds so denuded of forests as to be unable to hold and detain the rains and thus bring on torrents at one time and droughts at another are guilty and should be punished.

It is now a thoroughly demonstrated fact that a certain proportion, varying between one-fourth and one-fifth, of any large area, should be maintained in forest to secure the largest agricultural returns. If more forest be destroyed, while the total arable area is increased, the total output from the soil is decreased. The reason of this is that excessive forest denudation increases extremes of temperature, and consequently increases detrimental winds and increases extremes of humidity and dryness, all of which diminish crops.

When it comes to a mountainous country, the steep declivities of all watersheds should be preserved in forest; and the mountain forests generally should be treated with a conservative spirit.

The roof of a house will shed water as fast as it falls upon it, and a few minutes after the rain has ceased to fall it is dry. No matter how extensive a roof may be, its base or outlet pipe is either a flood in rain or perfectly dry in good weather. The same thing is true of mountains denuded of forest and reduced to bare steep surfaces: the water can not tarry; it must rush down to the valley lands below, carrying soil, gravel and boulders in its way.

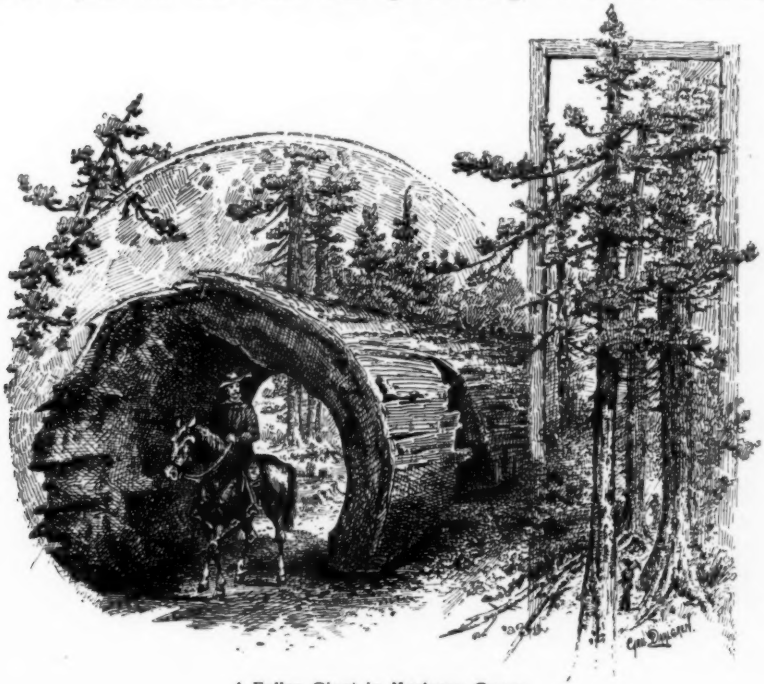
In mountains naturally bare, as in the Colorado Desert and Sahara Desert, an exceedingly small rainfall creates the most destructive torrents. Thus in the Colorado with a rainfall of four

inches annually there are more railroad washouts by torrents originating from the slight rainfall on bare mountains, than there are at Mt. Shasta with sixty inches of annual rainfall detained by wooded mountain slopes.

In mountains formerly forested, but now denuded, torrents form that are violent, unregulatable and destructive, as in Palestine, Provence, Spain, Africa, Tyrol, etc. The water thus suddenly delivered from a given watershed is not only dangerous in its powerful flood,—action in tearing away and destroying in some places, while it dumps its debris in others,—but it is lost. Such flood-water is gone, and the wells, springs and streams of the district must be diminished in their permanent flow.

About Pasadena these results of unwise forest denudation are already evident.

The torrent in Allen Street, that crosses the old Mutual Orchard tract near the steam laundry, together with a number of others, have all come into existence within the last nine years owing to brush-clearing on the foothills. On the other hand the great Edwards' fire on the watershed of Precipice Cañon diminished, according to the distinguished engineer Mr. James Craig, the summer water supply of that cañon by at least one-third for years afterward. The results of forest denudation on mountains has been amongst other things to increase largely the amount of debris carried by the streams or torrents in such districts. While still amongst the steep grades in the mountains the streams carry most of the debris brought into them from the bare hillsides. But when the waters reach the lower grades of the valley the slackened current is



A Fallen Giant in Mariposa Grove.

no longer capable of carrying the load; so first the boulders, then the stones, then the pebbles, then the sand and at last the clay and fine earth are deposited as the grade diminishes. In this way torrents frequently fill up their channels during floods and run off into some new and unexpected course. The Los Angeles River is a stream threatening to do this. To prevent the overflow and destructive action of torrents, dikes or levees are built. As the bed of the stream rises so must the levee. The top of the dike of the Talfer torrent at Boetzen in the Tyrol is now on a level with the roofs of the four-story houses.

Other torrents in the neighborhood have raised their beds even higher, and in spite of every precaution disastrous floods every now and again overwhelm the country.

Mr. Gervaise Purcell, formerly an engineer in the Japanese railway construction service, tells me that one of the valley railroads there, in passing several such diked-up torrents, found their beds so much above the surrounding country that tunneling was resorted to, and the railway now goes *under* the stream, not over it. We might proceed in this inquiry to the disastrous effects of landslides and avalanches in denuded mountains, to the consequent damming up of gorges or streams, and the subsequent sudden bursting of the barrier with a terrible flood for the valley.

We might examine the difference in the rate of snow-melting and a hundred other things germane in interest, but the time will only permit a summary. Thus we know that a forested watershed intercepts, detains and absorbs the rain so much that a given amount of water falling on such a watershed would be much longer in flowing off, would give more opportunity to the water to penetrate into the spring veins and tend to make the stream flowing from it more perennial than the same amount of rain falling on a bare watershed of the same area. In the one case all the rainfall would be so intercepted by the thousand impediments offered by the forest, that it would take weeks to deliver a given rain where in the other case it would take but hours.

Any one can appreciate the difference and figure out the volume and depth of water in each case, say where one hundred million gallons must pass a given point, from the wooded watercourse in five weeks; from the bare and roof-like one in five hours.

When one reflects a little on this point it is not hard to understand how whole countries have been depopulated and ruined by the destruction of their forests, and how every existing civilized country except the United States has long ago been driven for self-preservation to a scientific forestry management.

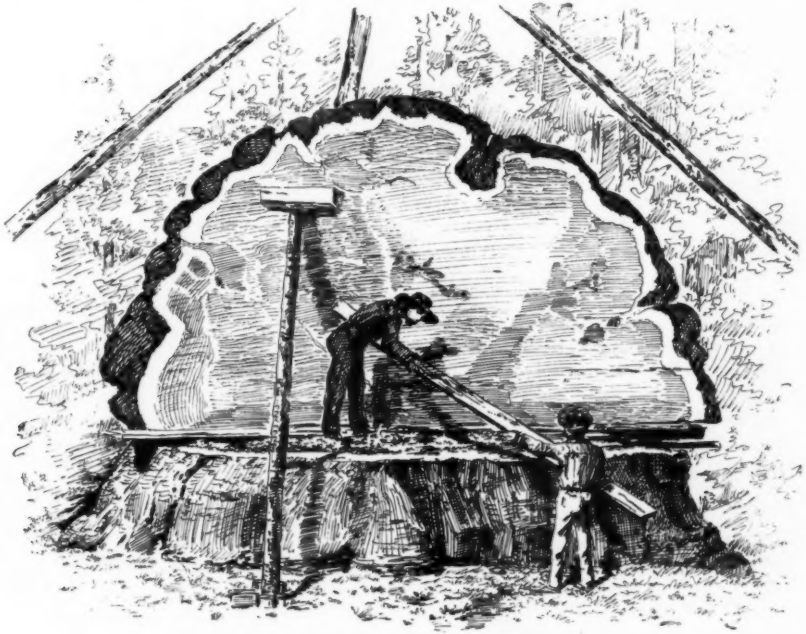
There is one other tree whose treatment in this State distresses both the sentimental and the reasonable person. It is that splendid giant of the forest the Sugar Pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*). This tree is the largest pine tree of the whole world and a most valuable timber tree. It is distinguished by its sugar-like gum on wounds, by its long spineless cone, by its graceful habit, its great height and by its growing in forests of other trees and not in solid groves all its own. One of the peculiarities of this tree is the free splitting quality possessed by a certain proportion of them, but not by all.

Taking advantage of this the shake-makers eke out a poor subsistence by tramping through the Sierras and felling every grand sugar pine they come across. Some split well; a few lengths of these are used, but thousands upon thousands of feet of clear lumber are left to rot and feed the flames. Some do not split well; and these are left entire, a menace to their fellows of the forest and a source of sorrow to the sagacious. The shake-maker like the tan-bark gatherer is a trespasser, a violator of law and a thief of the public property. These two are the authors of the grossest waste in our forest exploitation. The mill-men, however,

and especially those whose timber is largely derived illegally from Government and State school lands, are careless and wasteful in the extreme. It is only within a few years that any of them seem to have realized, even when cutting on lands to which they had title, that the mountain forests under reasonable management were capable of furnishing a perpetual supply of timber. The usual custom is to cut over a district, to leave the tops and limbs of the trees a food for flame sure to destroy one crop of young trees, and to abandon the mill. How much better to take out the ripe timber, to protect what is left,—which in turn will soon be merchantable,—and to regulate the new growth, to thin it out, to protect it from sheep, to encourage the right varieties, and thus to make the mountain lands, useful only as forest producers, a perpetual source of revenue.

When we learn that the total forest area of Saxony gives a net annual return of $3.25 per acre, or ten per cent on a valuation of $32.50 per acre, we can understand how far we now are from an economical use of our forests. The Federal Government and the State now sell their forest lands in fee for from $1.25 to $2.50 per acre.

The purchaser is either a speculator, or else buys on the calculation of one of our wasteful cuttings, with no use of any of the secondary products as firewood, and no expectation of a future crop. The land when once cut over is usually abandoned.



Section of a Giant Redwood for World's Fair.

When we consider the importance of so managing our forests as to insure a supply of wood, timber, fuel, etc., for our people, and still more important to preserve the integrity of the forest area, while using its products, for the climatic effects and the safety of our watersheds, every one must condemn

the present system, or, more properly, lack of system.

Coming back to the pines we find this family in California exceedingly interesting.

There are to start with more species on the Pacific Coast, and more in California, than in any similar area in the world.

The Pacific Slope has twenty-three species, California eighteen, and there are besides ten well-marked varieties. We have the largest pine tree in the world, probably also the smallest, the one with the largest cone, the one with the smallest, the best nut producers, and the only pine with its foliage growing as solitary leaves instead of in bunches. Several of the species are only found in very restricted localities, as the Torrey and the Monterey Pine.

If it were not for the Sugar Pine we would still have the finest and grandest pine tree of the world in the Pinus Ponderosa or Yellow Pine. This tree extends throughout the mountain region of California, and with the Incense Cedar and Douglas Spruce forms the coniferous forests on our own southern mountains.

The Piñon Pine, the Digger Indian, the Coulteri, or big cone, all with large, sweet, edible seeds, grow in our driest and hottest foothills, and with the Juniper and Mesquit hold out a hope for turning much of our deserts to use. This latter tree has a gum similar to gum arabic, which it is now used to adulterate. It has also an edible seed much used by the Indians and Mexicans both for themselves and for their stock. Its wood ranks above oak for firewood, and is practically indestructible in the ground. Of all trees in the world it has the widest range, extending from the deserts and plateaus east and west of the Sierra and Rocky Mountains through Mexico, South America, and crossing the Andes is found still in La Plata and Bolivia. It comes from the seed easily, and under favorable conditions makes reasonably rapid growth and a fine, good-sized tree.

And still we have said nothing of the California Laurel, our native and fragrant Bay, whose wood is now so valuable for cabinet work; nothing of our Alders, Ashes, Maples, Firs, Poplars, Willows, Cottonwoods, Sycamores, Walnut, and other interesting trees, nor can we within these limits. It remains to say a few words about the work of the State Board of Forestry and the needs of forestry in California. The Board has kept during the summer, and until the funds failed, a forest police. These officers have posted throughout the State fire notices; have arrested persons caught setting forest fires; have reported robberies of timber to the Department of the Interior when on Government lands, and to the State's Attorney-General when on school lands, and have generally educated and advised the people as to the importance of a sensible forestry system.

The Federal Government has prosecuted its cases against timber thieves as fast as could be expected, and in the last one tried has secured a verdict for forty-one thousand dollars; but strangely enough the Attorney-General of the State has not thought himself called upon to protect the State school lands in forest, nor to try to recover the value of lumber stolen from them.

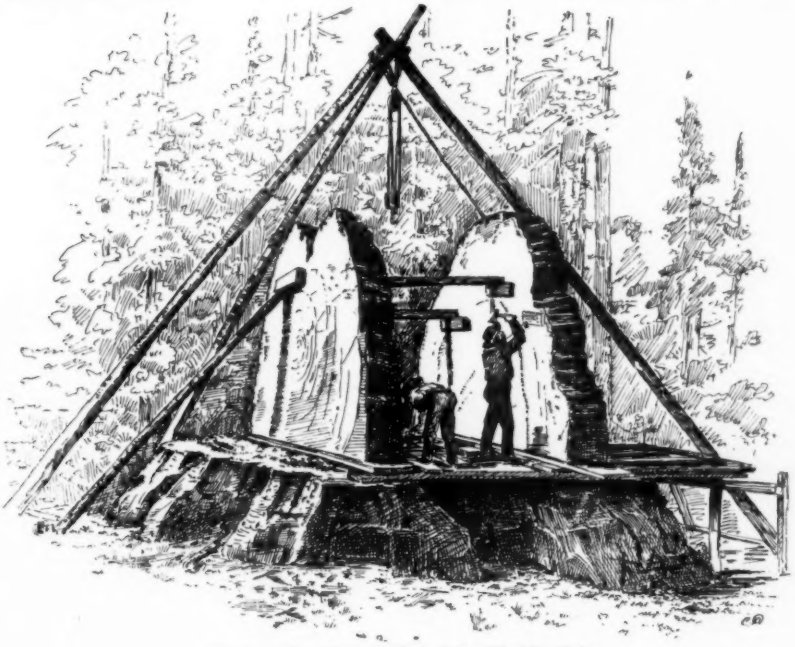
We presented one test case in which the evidence was complete and conclusive, from the wood-choppers, millhands and surveyors to those who had sold the sawed lumber.

This case involved thousands of dollars for the School Fund; it was one of many. The parties were rich and responsible; but the Attorney-General would neither himself prosecute, nor authorize us to use the name of the State. The mountain school sections are only valuable for their timber; if this is cut and stolen the School Fund is a permanent loser.

In this way the schools of the State have been defrauded of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Board's engineer has continued the preparation of the complete and accurate forest map of this State, commenced in our last report, and which has been so much commended.

The new departure of making a complete scientific account of the forest trees of California, in popular form, a thing never before done, has been intrusted to the distinguished botanist Prof. J. G. Lemmon and his accomplished wife.



Section of a Giant Redwood for World's Fair.

In the report for 1891, a full and complete account of the pine family, with illustrations, may be found.

Mr. W. S. Lyon, the present head forester, and an accomplished botanist and practical tree-grower, has a valuable article on some of the trees suitable for planting in California. The special agent's report will also be found interesting.

The great departure made by the Board in the last year has been the establishment of forest experimental stations in the different climatic belts of the State. We commenced the encouragement of tree-planting by bulletins and seed distribution.

This system was found unsatisfactory. Much rare tree-seed was lost through the lack of knowledge as to its treatment by the recipients; and we could depend on no reliable record as to what trees were best for the very various conditions in this State. On the other hand many groves of rare trees have been established in many parts of the State; and we now know that trees like the Sugar Gum (*Eucalyptus corynœalyx*) will thrive in nearly all the more difficult parts of California, and in places where frost or drought has been too much for the common Blue Gum.

But the general results were not good. A record was hard to get, hard to keep up, and still harder to show to

tree-planters. By the new system of stations a person, after their establishment, can go and see with his own eyes what new or native trees will do under varying circumstances, and can tell which he likes best to plant for attractiveness as well as for utility. The stations will be planted in park form, and will be places of beauty as well as of instruction. One of them is 100 acres in extent, and they are situated in such different climates as the Bidwell Station at Chico, the Merced Station in the center of the State, the Santa Monica on the sea-coast, and the Hesperia on the edge of the Mojave. Bye and bye our tree record will be complete and invaluable, and our stations will make tree-planting under any conditions in this State a certain science instead of a risky experiment as it now so largely is. All this valuable land worth about $100,000 has been donated in the most generous and public-spirited way; and the State has now about $10,000 worth of young and rare trees ready to be set out as soon as the Legislature provides funds.

The demands of rational forestry in this State may be summarized as follows:

All Government mountain forest lands to be at once reserved from sale.

All State school forest lands to be also reserved from sale.

All such lands to be placed under the management of forest officers who will regulate pasturage, protect the game for the true sportsman, prevent or put out forest fires, manage the new growth with a view to making it eventually valuable, and sell on the stump or otherwise the ripe timber, tan-bark, firewood and other products of the forest. The fees from such management to provide as in Europe for its cost.

In this way, and in this way only, can be secured a supply of timber, firewood, resin, gums, nuts, tannin, charcoal, etc., for even a few years hence.

In this way only can we insure the protection of our valleys, farms and towns from torrents and floods. In this way only can we secure the permanency of our wells, springs, streams and water supply.

California, in its dry and wet season, in its valleys and steep mountain ranges, and in its moderate and, in places, small rainfall, is similar in its general conditions to those countries that have been so much injured, even often destroyed, by the results of forest denudation.

This is true also of all the Rocky Mountain region and of the territory west of it. Every day that passes will make the forestry measures absolutely requisite for the safety of this large area more difficult and more expensive to carry out.

All friends of the forest should pursue untiringly the objects set out in the order named.

HOW ANGELS GOT RELIGION.

By George Brooke.

EVER heard how we got religion to Angels, stranger? I thought, uv course, everybody 'd heerd that yarn. Tell yer? why sure; but let's licker again and I'll reminisce.

"Yer see 'twas afore Angels got to be sech a big camp as 'twas later on, but it was a rich camp and a mighty wicked one. There were lots uv chaps there who'd jest as soon die in their boots as eat; and every other house was a dance-house or a saloon or a gambling-hell. Pretty Pete and his pardner Five Ace Bob was reckoned the wickedest men in the State; and Old Bill Jones, what kept the Golden West Hotel, had a national reputation for cussin'. The idea of a parson striking the camp never was thought uv; but one day I was playing bank into Pete's game when Five Ace came a runnin' in 'n' sez: 'Boys, I'll be ——, but there's an ornery cuss of a parson jest rid up to Jones'. He's got a pardner with him, and he 'lows he's goin' to convert the camp.' 'The —— he is,' sez Pete. 'I'll finish the deal and go down and see about that.' So we all walked down to Jones', and thar, sure 'nuff, in the bar, talking with Old Bill, wuz the parson, black coat and white tie 'n' all. He was a big, squar'-shouldered chap with a black beard and keen gray eyes that looked right through yer. His pardner was only a boy of twenty or so, with yeller, curly ha'r, pink and white gal's face, and big blue eyes. We all walked in, 'n' Pete he stands to the bar 'n' shouts fer all hands ter drink; 'n' to our surprise the parson 'n' the kid both stepped up and called for red licker 'n' drank it. After the drink was finished the parson sez: 'Gents, as yer see, I'm a minister of the gospel; but I see no harm in any man drinking ez long ez he ain't no drunkard. I drank just now because I want you to see that I am not ashamed to do before yer face what I'd do behind yer back.' 'Right yer are, parson,' sez Pete, 'put it thar;' 'n' they shook hands, and then Pete he up and called off the hull gang, Five Ace 'n' Lucky Barnes 'n' Dirty Smith 'n' one 'n' all the rest uv 'em. The parson shook hands with all uv us and sed he was going to have a meetin' in Shifty Sal's dance-house that night, ez 'twas the biggest room in camp, 'n' ast us all to come, 'n' we sed we would.

"When we got outside Pete sez, 'Boys, you mind me, that devil dodger 'll capture the camp;' 'n' he did. That night we all went along down to Shifty's and found the parson and the kid on the platform where the fiddlers ust to sit; and every man in camp wuz in the audience. The parson spoke first. He sed: 'Gents, I want to tell yer first off I don't want any uv yer dust. I've got enuff fer myself and my young friend, 'n' there won't be no rake-off in this yer meetin'-house, 'n' I'm not here to preach against any man's way o' makin' a livin'. I will preach agin drunkenness, and I shall speak privately with the gamblers; but I want to keep you men in mind uv yer homes 'n' yer mothers 'n' yer wives 'n' yer sweethearts, and get yer to lead cleaner lives, so 's when yer meet 'em agin yer 'll not hev to be 'shamed;' and then he sed we 'd hev a song, 'n' the youngster he started in 'n' played a concertina, and sang, 'Yes, We Will Gather at the

River;' 'n' there wuzn't one uv us that it didn't remind uv how our mothers ust to dress us up Sundays 'n' send us to Sunday-school and stand at the door to watch us down street, and call us back to ast if we were sure we had our clean pocket handkerchur; 'n' I tell yer, mister, thar wuz n't a man with dry eyes in the crowd when he 'd finished. That young feller had a v'ice like a angel. Pete he sed it wuz a tenner v'ice, but Five Ace offered to bet him a hundred to fifty it wuz more like a fifteener or a twenty. Pete told Five Ace he wuz a —— old fool 'n' didn't know what he wuz talkin' about.

"Well, things run along for about a week, 'n' one day Pete come to me and sez: 'Look here, Ralters, this yere camp aint no jay camp, 'n' we 've got to hev a church fer the parson. He 's a jim-dandy, and won't ask for nothing. He 'd jest natchelly go on prayin' and preachin,' 'n' tryin' ter save a couple uv old whisky-soaked souls like yourn and Bill Jones', which aint wuth powder to blow 'em to ——, 'n' you 'd let him go on doin' it in that old shack of Sal's 'n' never make a move. Now, I'm goin' to rustle round 'n' dig up dust enuff from the boys, and we 'll jest build him a meetin'-house as 'll be a credit to the camp;' 'n' in a few days the boys hed a good log meetin'-house built, floored, 'n' benches in it 'n' everythin'. The parson was tickled most to death. Next they built him a house, 'n' he 'n' his pardner moved into it. Then Pete said the gals must go; sed it wuz a dead, rank, snide game to work on the parson ter hev to go down street 'n' be guyed by them hussies ('n' they did guy him awful sometimes too); so the gals they went. Then Pete sed the church had to be properly organized; hed to hev deacons 'n' churchwardens 'n' sextons 'n' things; so old Bill Jones 'n' Alabam 'n' me wuz made deacons, 'n' Pete 'n' Five Ace was churchwardens.

"In a month every last man in camp wuz worryin' 'bout his future state. Old Bill Jones came into meetin' one night with his face 'n' hands washed 'n' an old black suit on, 'n' sot down on the anxious bench and ast to be prayed fer. The parson knelt down 'n' put his arm round him, 'n' how he did pray; before he got through Lucky Barnes, Alabam 'n' me wuz on the bench too, 'n' Pete shoved his Chinaman up the aisle by the collar 'n' sot him down 'longside o' me. Pete sed he was a high-toned Christian gentleman himself, hed been born 'n' raised a Christian, 'n' wuz a senior churchwarden to boot, and that he 'd make a Christian of Ah Foo or spoil a Chinaman. That parson prayed most powerful that night. As a off-hand, rough 'n' tumble, free 'n' easy prayer I never see his beat; he hed the whole aujience in tears, 'n' you might hev heard Pete's amens 'n' glory halleluyers off to Buller's Flat. Old Jones wuz a rolling around on the floor 'n' hollering fer to be saved from the Devil before the parson were half finished, 'n' he made so much noise that Pete hed to fire a bucket uv water over him to quiet him down. That meetin' wuz so plum full uv the spirit (ez the parson called it) that it never broke up till 12 o'clock, 'n' wouldn't hev broke up then only Pete sed he 'd hev to quit ez his shift to deal faro begun at 12.

"There wuz over twenty perfesses that night not countin' Pete's Chinaman, 'n' next Sunday we hed a big baptizm in the crick, 'n' forty 'uv us wuz put through. Pete sed he reckoned Ah Foo hed better be put through every day for a week or so, sence he 'd always bin a dod gasted heathen, but the parson lowed onct wuz enuff, but he giv' him an extra dip jest fer luck; 'n' I never see a more ornery lookin' cuss in my life than that Chinese were when he came out.

"The Chinese laundrymen were ast to jine the church, but they wouldn't savey, 'n' so Pete 'n' Five Ace, Old Bill 'n' me 'n' Alabam we waited on 'em 'n' told 'em to git, 'n' took 'em down to the crick 'n' baptized 'em jest fer luck. Pete said if they stayed Ah Foo 'ud git to backslidin' fust

thing he knowed, 'n' then where 'd *his* reputation be.

"Waal, stranger, things run along nice 'n' smooth fer a couple uv months er so till Chris'mus come nigh. The boys hed been a keepin' mighty straight; there wasn't a man in camp that drunked more'n wuz hullsome fer him; there hed n't bin a shootin' scrape fer weeks. Pete said things wuz gittin' so all-fired cam 'n' peaceful that he wouldn't be at all surprised to git up sum fine day 'n' find Ah Foo with wings 'n' feathers on his legs like a Bramah hen. Nary a man packed a gun, 'n' when a gent 'ud forgit 'n' drop a cuss word he'd beg parding. The parson was thick with all the boys. He writ letters for us, advised us about all our biznus, 'n' knew all about everybody's affairs. Lots uv 'em gave him their dust-sack to keep fer 'em, 'n' he knowed where every man hed his cached.

"Along jest afore Chris'mus cum, Pete called a meetin' uv the deacons 'n' churchwardens down to his place, 'n' after the sexton (Ah Foo) had brought in a round of drinks he said: 'Gents, ez chairman ex officer in this yer layout, I move that we give the parson a little present fer Chris'mus. Yer know he won't take a durn cent from us, 'n' never has. Uv course he has taken a few thousand from time to time to send to orfings 'n' things uv that kind, but not a red for hisself or pard; 'n' I move that we make him a little present on Chris'mus day, 'n' it needn't be so —— little, either. Gents in favor 'll say so, and gents wot ain't kin keep mum. Carried, 'n' that settles it. Five Ace 'n' me 'll take in contributions, 'n' we won't take any less than fifty cases.'

"That wuz two days afore Chris'mus day, 'n' when it cum Pete 'n' Five Ace hed about five thousand in dust 'n' nuggets fer the parson's present. Pete assessed Ah Foo a month's pay, 'n' he kicked hard accordin', but 'twer' n't no use. The day was bright 'n' clear, 'n' at 'leven o'clock every man in camp wuz at church. The little buildin' looked mighty tasty,—all fixed off with pine tassels 'n' red berries we'd got in the woods, 'n' every man wuz dressed out in his best duds. At 'leven exact the parson 'n' the kid, who hed bin standin' at the door shakin' hands 'n' wishin' everybody what cum in merry Chris'mus, cum in 'n' took their seats on the platform. Pete 'n' Five Ace 'n' Bill Jones 'n' Alabam 'n' me sot on a bench jest in front o' the platform. We wuz all togged out in our best fixin's, 'n' Pete 'n' Five Ace they sported dimons till yer couldn't rest. Waal, ez usual, the perceedin's opened up with er prayer from the parson; 'n' then we hed singin', 'n' it seemed ter me ez if I never hed heerd sich singin' in my life afore ez thet kid let out o' him thet day. Then the parson he started in ter jaw, 'n' I must ellow he giv us a great discourse. I never see him so long-winded afore, tho', 'n' Pete was beginnin' to get mighty restless 'n' oneasy, when all uv a suddint we heerd the door open 'n' shet quick 'n' sharp, 'n' every one turned round to find a great big black-bearded cuss at the door a coverin' the hull gang uv us with a double-barled shotgun, 'n' jest a standin' thar cool 'n' silent. 'Face round here, yer —— —— fools,' yelled somebody in a sharp, quick, biznus-meanin' v'ice, 'n' all hands faced round to find the parson holding 'em up with another shotgun,—own brother to the one the other cuss hed. 'I don't want a word out er yer,' he sed. 'Yer see my game now, don't yer? Thar aint a gun in the house 'cept the ones you see, 'n' if any gent makes any row in this yer meetin' I'll fill his hide so plum full o' holes 't won't hold his bones. The kid will now take up the collection, 'n' ez it's the first one we ever hev taken up yer must make it a liber'l one, see?' The kid started out with a gunnysack, 'n' went through every last man in the crowd. He took everything, even to the rings on our fingers. The parson hed the drop, 'n' we knew it 'n' never kicked, but jest giv' up our stuff like lambs.

"After the kid hed finished he took the sack outside, 'n' thets the last we

ever seed o' him. Then the parson he sez: ''n' now, gents, I must say adoo, ez I must be a travelin', for I hev another meetin' to attend this eve'. I want to say, tho', afore I go, thet you're the orneriest gang of —— —— fools I ever played for suckers. A few friends uv mine hev taken the liberty, while yer've been to meetin' this blessed Chris'mus day, uv goin' through yer cabins 'n' diggin' up yer little caches uv dust 'n' uther valables. Yer stock hez all been stampeded, 'n' yer guns yer'll find somewhar at the bottom of the crick. My friend at the door will hold yer level while I walk out, 'n' we will then keep yer quiet fer a few minutes longer through ther winder jest so 's we can git a nice cumf'table start;' 'n' so they did. What cud we do? The parson walked out, grinning all over himself, 'n' he 'n' his pals they nailed up the door 'n' winders (thar wuz only two), 'n' very soon after they hed finished we heerd the clatter o' huffs 'n' knowed they wuz gone. I must draw a vail over the rest uv thet day's purceedin's, stranger. The langwidge used by ther boys wuz too awful to repeat; but t'was jest ez this parson sed, when we got out o' thet meetin'-house we found every animal on the location gone, 'n' the only arms left wuz knives 'n' clubs; yet we'd hev gone after 'em with nothin' but our hands, but we couldn't follow afoot. How much did they get? I don't rightly know, but not fur frum fifty thousand. The hull camp wuz stone-broke, all excep' Ah Foo, 'n' he wuz the only one uv us hed sense enuff not to tell thet durned parson whar he cached his stuff. Pete 'n' Five Ace wuz so everlastin' hurt at the hull biznus that they shut up the 'Bird o' Prey,' borrowed Ah Foo's sack 'n' left for the Bay to try 'n' find thet parson; but they never did find him, 'n' no one ever heard uv him again."

TRIOLET.

By James T. White.

THE touch of her dear hand
So sweet and tender:
Ah! how can I withstand
The touch of her dear hand?
Nor can I understand
What charm doth render
The touch of her dear hand
So sweet and tender.

THEOSOPHY: WHAT IT IS NOT.

By Elliott Coues.

Have an extraordinary care also of the late Theosophers, that teach men to climb to Heaven upon a ladder of lying figments.—N. Ward, *Simple Cobler*, page 18.

THE above quaint caution, by an old and almost forgotten author, is timely, now that one of the most audacious, unscrupulous and successful impostors since Cagliostro has lately died, leaving to the world a legacy of doubt about the difference between a Blavatsky's pretensions and the wisdom of God.

Few persons had heard the word "theosophy," and to fewer still was it more than a strange word, whose meaning was to be sought in the dictionary, until a notorious Russian adventuress identified the name of the thing with her own name by a career of systematic imposture which may be said to have fairly opened in 1875 and ended with her death in May, 1891. That Blavatskyism and theosophism are identical is now a popular fallacy so deeply rooted as to be almost ineradicable. But the fact is, that the ingenious woman simply invented a scheme for exploiting herself, and called that scheme "theosophy." That the existing "Theosophical Society," so far as that sham has any actual existence, is merely one of many ways of gambling upon public credulity for private purposes, has been demonstrated repeatedly. But it should not be difficult to separate this particular humbug from any system of religious philosophy to which the name of theosophy rightly attaches. The present writer happens to be familiar with both the true and false systems; and he knows that a few hours spent in looking up the reputable authorities on the subject would enable any one of average intelligence to discriminate between the two. Into the false system lately popularized as a fad he does not propose to enter, because the whole machinery of that hoax has already been exposed, by himself as well as by others.* But the readers of The Californian may be interested and perhaps surprised to learn something of the history and proper significance of the term "theosophy."

How many persons, for example, know when, or where, or for what purpose, "The Theosophical Society" was first established? Did not most imagine that it was first founded in New York, a few years ago, for the purpose of exploiting Blavatsky? But in *Notes and Queries*, 7th series, volume xi, page 127, we read as follows:

"From the end of the year 1783 to the beginning of the year 1788 there existed a society entitled 'The Theosophical Society, instituted for the purpose of promoting the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem, by translating, printing and publishing the Theological Writings of the Honourable Emanuel Swedenborg.'"

That these theosophists were Swedenborgians, pure and simple, is evident from their official title and prospectus, of more than a century ago. How far they succeeded in propagating their faith, their representatives of to-day are best able to say. Yet this old Swedenborgian society is comparatively new and modern, as may easily be shown.

Thus the American *Journal of Psychology*, vol. i, p. 546, declares that "Theosophy is but the recrudescence of a belief widely proclaimed in the twelfth century, and held to in some form by many barbaric tribes." It may be quite a shock to some to be thus sent back to the Dark Ages in

* See, for example, Dr. Hodgson's Report in the *Proceedings* of the London Society for Psychical Research; the article by the present writer in the New York *Sun* of July 20, 1890; and Mr. M. D. Conway's recent contribution to *The Arena*.

quest of that which they fancied was a new thing when they caught at a word appropriated by a cunning charlatan from Webster's Dictionary! But let us cite some respectable authorities further.

Dr. H. More, in his "Brief Discourse of Enthusiasm," remarks slyly and acutely: "I have observed generally of theosophists, as of several other men more palpably mad, that their thoughts are carried much to astrology." So the theosophists of his day were the astrologers, to whom astral bodies, and other supposed modern myths of the Mahatmic machinery, were no novelty.

Enfield's "History of Philosophy" states, in critical mood, that "many traces of the spirit of theosophism may be found through the whole history of philosophy, in which nothing is more frequent than fanatical and hypocritical pretensions to divine illumination." He did not profess to be a prophet; but it seems that theosophists of before his time may be matched by some of those who rejoice in the name to-day.

Theosophical speculation is in fact much older than mediæval history. Its tortuous course is easily traced back to its cradle in the opinions of the Neo-Platonists of the third century A. D.—and how much further back we are not now concerned to say.

Thus Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy" divides Greek philosophy into three periods. The third and last of these he styles the period of "the Neo-Platonists and their predecessors, or the predominance of *theosophy*." It is historically established that Ammonius Saccas, who lived about 175–250 A. D., and his immediate disciples, if they did not originate this drift of speculation, at least founded the Alexandrian school of Neo-Platonism. The doctrines of Ammonius were systematically developed by his most conspicuous pupil, Plotinus (204–269 A. D.). The latter was the first to commit to writing those opinions which have reached us in the six "Enneads of Plotinus," as revised and edited by Porphyry (born about 233 A. D.), his pupil and biographer. The six "Enneads" were so called because they consisted of nine treatises apiece, making a total of fifty-four articles on theosophy and kindred topics.

These books of Plotinus were first published in the Latin text of Marsilius Ficinus, at Florence, in 1492, and afterward in Greek at Basel in 1580. Having neither of these versions before me as I write, I am open to correction if I be wrong. But I am much mistaken if the *word* "theosophy," in its Latin and Greek form, and in its application to the Neo-Platonic speculations of the Alexandrian school of the third century, does not first occur in the Enneads of Plotinus. In that case theosophy and Neo-Platonism would be synonymous terms, neither of which is strictly applicable to the set of wild notions now covered by the term "theosophy," as appropriated by Blavatsky and her agents. To be a theosophist is thus simply to be a Plotinist. Yet I doubt that many persons who style themselves theosophists ever heard of Plotinus, or ever looked at one of his books, or ever imagined that this Neo-Platonist and his disciples formed a sort of theosophic society at Alexandria in the third century after Christ, before Christianity had been formally established under the official sanction and by the strong arm of the Roman Emperor Constantine.

In thus insisting upon the genuineness and authenticity of Plotinism as being that body of speculation which reads its title clearest to the *name* of theosophy, I must not be misunderstood to mean that Plotinism is our only example of the *thing* that theosophy really is. A thing and the name of that thing are to be clearly distinguished. A thing may change in all but its name. In which case, the name no longer means what it did before, and may acquire a very different or even opposite signification. "Theosophy" is a case in point. The original connotation of the term

has just been shown; but nearly or quite all of its original distinctive edges and angles have been worn smooth in rolling down the ages, till, like a rounded pebble, it fits nowhere with precision. "Theosophy" is a noun which has been used to label the outcome of many opposing and quite irreconcilable speculations which have but one thing in common, namely, that they proceed from the spiritual or noumenal to the material or phenomenal world. This is the diametric opposite of the method of science, which proceeds from the physical to the psychical aspects of Nature, —or, at any rate, as far in that direction as the evidence of the senses and the logical processes of the mind will carry it,—till it reaches the intellectually unknowable and stops there. Theosophy assumes certain principles without material evidence, and reasons out a system of belief, for better or worse, on *à priori* grounds. Science observes certain facts and infers certain principles therefrom, arguing *à posteriori*, for better or worse, but is generally content with such knowledge as may be thus acquired, and believes little or nothing that cannot be proven. Thus theosophy is the real antithesis and exact counterpart of science. No one who relies upon the evidence of his senses for the sum of his cognitions can be a theosophist in any proper sense of the word. He must believe many things that he cannot candidly profess to understand. He must have ideas—or intuitions—or imaginings—call them what you please, which he cannot submit to the test of observation and experiment; which he cannot prove to be true, because by their very nature they are not logically demonstrable; yet he must assume them to be true in the absence of evidence to the contrary; and upon them he must base his beliefs, construct his philosophy, weave his ethics, regulate his conduct, and stake his religion. His theosophy, to be worth anything, even to be worth the name, must be at once a church invisible and a bible unwritten, both infallible for him, because of their origination in what he believes to be the divine in his own nature, and, therefore, a revelation of the God in man.

The fairness of the above statements I judge to be scarcely questionable; and the point I strive to make is the very soul or spirit of every theosophy, however variously embodied in different places, at different times, and in many different persons. And obviously it is not to the prejudice of the theosophical character of any system of belief that it should be groundless, or even grounded in error. It is only necessary that a theosophy, to be theosophical, should proceed upon the method above said, whatever the outcome of such procedure may be. Theosophy requires consistency with nothing but itself; perhaps no man's theosophy is exactly like that of any other man. A man may be sadly mistaken in much simpler matters than the fundamental problems of religious philosophy; and *à fortiori* his theosophy may be all wrong. He may be hallucinated; but, if his hallucinations appeal to him with the force of fact, he is a genuine theosophist. His "dream of the shadow of smoke" is thoroughly theosophical if he believes it to be true. His trances and ecstasies, his rapt contemplations, are theosophical as long as they last; and his rhapsodies concerning them are not necessarily fictitious.

If one imagines that he sees God and has converse with a celestial hierarchy,—so he does, "theosophically" speaking, as long as he remains in that particular state of mind. But there can be no objective evidence of the verity of a subjective condition; the witness in the case is competent to testify only in the court of his own soul, from which there is no appeal to the reason or the senses of any other person. Hence it is, in the nature of the case, impossible to formulate a theosophical creed; impossible to impart or receive theosophical doctrine;

impossible to organize an actual theosophical society; and, in fact, impossible to say what theosophy really is. If any of these things should prove possible, they might be desirable, and they might be true enough to some extent; but were they so proven they would by that very fact cease to be "theosophical" and become scientific.

So we are confronted with the seeming paradox, that the truest theosophy is most repugnant to the evidence of the senses, and rests upon the least possible basis of fact. As a matter of fact, theosophy is not true; as a matter of faith, it is indisputably true; because, the proof and the disproof being alike wanting, it cannot be called in question. It follows that those who think they understand the subject, in an intellectual sense, deceive themselves; and those who profess to teach any formal theosophical doctrine deceive others. A shrewdly devised system of theosophy lends itself, perhaps more readily than any other form of imposture, to the purposes of knavery and charlatanism. Its mystical jargon, its mythical phenomena, and its promises of marvelous powers attainable—but never attained—constitute a machinery of delusion whose force of action cannot easily be resisted by the ignorant and credulous minds against which it is directed, and for which the mysterious and the miraculous have boundless charms. The trickery which appeals to popular superstition is never more forcible, more plausible or more successful than when operated in the guise of religion. Hence religious impostors always select some sort of theosophical vagaries as the best means to their ends. The case of Blavatsky is by no means singular. It is typical of a class of cases. She became notorious, not because there was anything peculiar in what she called her theosophy, but because of her peculiar talent for hoaxing by means of theosophy. The same methods of gambling upon popular credulity, by strictly theosophical pretensions, are adopted and followed with more or less success by numberless sham reformers, bogus prophets, self-styled Messiahs and would-be saviors of the world.

My insistence that theosophy is to be judged, not by the truth or the falsity of its assumptions, and not by the good or bad results of those assumptions, but by the fact that it makes certain assumptions, and proceeds upon them in a certain fashion, may seem so strange—even so absurdly "theosophical"—that I will fortify my contention by citing some recognized authorities. As already hinted, the word "theosophy" has acquired by usage a tolerably exact definition for students of history and philosophy. What is the word taken to signify by those best qualified to decide upon its meaning? Who have been accepted as the world's great theosophists? What manner of persons have they been, what did they believe, and where can we find an account of their views?

All the dictionaries before me define the word. The Century Dictionary seems to me to give the best formal and technical definition, which is accordingly selected. The etymology states that the word is from the low Greek *theosophia*, literally meaning "knowledge of divine things," or "wisdom concerning the things of God." *Theosophia* itself is from the Greek *theosophos*, meaning "learned or wise in things divine;" and the latter is compounded of *theos*, "god," and *sophos*, "wise." The definition then proceeds as follows:

"Knowledge of things divine, a philosophy based upon a claim of special insight into the divine nature, or a special divine revelation. It differs from most philosophical systems in that they start from phenomena and deduce therefrom certain conclusions respecting God, whereas theosophy starts with an assumed knowledge of God directly obtained through spiritual intercommunion, and proceeds therefrom to a study and explanation of phenomena."

That is all,—but it is complete. Not another word is needed for definition. The reader may thus be satisfied that, as already claimed, theosophy does not depend for its validity upon the truth or error of its assumed knowledge of God, but upon the fact of making the assumption of that knowledge; and that it does not depend upon the truth or error of its explanation of phenomena, but upon the fact that it proceeds to study and explain phenomena from its own assumed standpoint.

In the next place, let us inquire, Who are theosophists in any proper sense? Many persons of late have so styled themselves. But their names are never heard above the din and jangle of their own vociferation. A few have been recognized as true theosophists by men of great erudition and sound judgment. I cite some of the historically famous names from Brande and Cox's Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art:

"Theosophist [is] a name which has been given, though without any very definite meaning, to that class of mystical religious thinkers and writers who aim at displaying, or believe themselves to possess, a knowledge of the Divinity and His works by supernatural inspiration. * * * The best known names at this day of the theosophic order are those of Jacob Boehme, Madame Guyon, Swedenborg and Saint-Martin. Schilling and others, who regarded the foundation of their metaphysical tenets as resting on divine intuition, have been called theosophists, but with less exactness."

Another Encyclopædia of high repute (that of Schaff-Herzog, p. 2,348) gives a characterization of theosophy parallel with the above:

"Theosophy is distinguished from mysticism, speculative theology, and other forms of philosophy and theology, to which it bears a certain resemblance, by its claims of direct divine inspiration, immediate divine revelation, and its want, more or less conspicuous, of dialectical exposition. It is found among all nations,—Hindus, Persians, Arabs, Greeks (later Neo-Platonism) and Jews (Cabala),—and presents itself variously under the form of magic (Agrippa of Nettesheim, Paracelsus), or vision (Swedenborg, Saint-Martin), or rapt contemplation (Jacob Boehme, Oettinger)."

A word from the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica:

"It is characteristic of theosophy that it starts with an explication of the divine essence, and endeavors to deduce the phenomenal universe from the play of forces within the divine nature itself."

Thus neither the authorities cited, nor my own investigations of the subject, suffice to explain exactly what theosophy is. They rather serve to show what it is not, and thus justify the title I have selected. Theosophy is certainly *not* the elaborate, concerted and grotesque system of imposture to which the name now attaches in popular apprehension. But just as the circulation of a counterfeit implies the existence of the genuine coin, and the casting of a shadow the presence of a substance, so does the very mockery of a Blavatsky serve to suggest that there may be a theosophy with the true ring, worthy of all the name implies. In essaying to construct for ourselves any system of eternal verities, let us beware of attempting to scale high heaven by "a ladder of lying figments."

THE RECENT REVOLUTION IN CHILE.

By Lieut. George L. Dyer, U. S. N.

N the seventh of January, about one year ago, the Chilean squadron, then lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, having on board among others the Vice-President of the Chilean Senate and the Speaker of the House of Deputies, in defiance of the orders of the President of the Republic declared itself in open rebellion. This was the first act of war against the government de facto of that country, which resulted in the downfall of José Manuel Balmaceda, and the cause he endeavored to uphold, at the battle of Placilla, seven months and a half later.

The multitudinous incidents which led up to this catastrophe have not been sufficiently comprehended by the outside world to enable any just appreciation to be formed of their merits. A very well-informed writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with an unqualified leaning toward the side opposed to the President, and called Opositor for that reason, some time after the revolt of the squadron stated that he could discover no adequate reason for the revolution. This was the general opinion of the many foreigners of several nationalities whom I met during the six months stay of the *San Francisco* in the several Chilean ports from Arica to Valparaiso. I was never able to find a foreigner, no matter how long had been his residence in the country, who was able to assign any reason satisfactory to himself for the revolt against the authority of the President.

When the *San Francisco* arrived in Iquique on the 10th of last May the revolutionists had possession of all the provinces from the southern boundary of Peru as far south as the small port of Huasco, which lies about three hundred miles north of Valparaiso. In other words, they held about seven hundred miles of seacoast, and all the nitrate country, which gave them large revenues for their undertaking, but a somewhat limited field for recruiting. They had secured these provinces by means of their undisputed control of the sea, which made it impossible for the President to send large reinforcements at one time to any of the small garrisons in the seaports. With the means at their disposal the revolutionists were able to defeat the small detachments of loyal troops in the north, and either defeat or drive out of the country, into Peru, Bolivia and Argentina, the reinforcements which were landed at various points. After seven sanguinary fights, ending with the battle of Pozo Almonte, but a few miles from Iquique on the railroad leading to the nitrate factories the President ceased to dispute the possession of these provinces, withdrew his last expedition to Coquimbo, and addressed himself entirely to the task of preparing to receive his enemies in the provinces, except Coquimbo, connected with the capital by rail. He never relinquished the intention of making an aggressive campaign, but the means of transportation at his disposal were so inadequate that he could do nothing further until the arrival of the two small cruisers building in France. These, with the two torpedo cruisers *Lynch* and *Condell*, the transport *Imperial* of the Chilean Company subsidized by the Chilean Government, and a large and fast Italian steamer purchased in Buenos Ayres just at the close of hostilities, would have put his naval force on terms of equality with his adversaries. Their agents in Europe were very successful in delaying the departure of

the cruisers, and contributed materially to the downfall of the President by this means.

The revolutionists in Iquique also felt that their success depended on an aggressive campaign, which they knew must be undertaken before the arrival of the *Presidentes*, as the cruisers were called, *Presidente Errázuriz* and *Presidente Pinto*.

The flagship *San Francisco* reached Iquique just as the telegraph announced the escape of the *Itata* from San Diego and the pursuit by the *Charleston*. The Chilean naval officers were much depressed by this news. Their prospects at this time were not flattering. As a result of the several battles and a careful collection of all the firearms in the provinces under their control, they had gathered about four thousand rifles of various make and caliber, for which they could manufacture ammunition in Iquique. They had, it is true, about four thousand Mannlicher rifles which had been taken from a transport about the time they left Valparaiso; but they had no ammunition for these arms, and no prospect of getting any for some time. They had counted on the arms to be brought by the *Itata*, and they felt that their cause would be seriously imperiled by the attitude of the United States.

Immediately after the success of Pozo Almonte, and the practical relinquishment of further efforts on the part of the President to secure a foothold in the north, there had been considerable enthusiasm among the lower classes, and many joined the army. When it became evident to these men that there were no arms, no ammunition and no clothing, practically, and the prospect of getting any was very indefinite, they deserted in large numbers, so that in May the leaders of the revolution, especially after the receipt of the news of the *Itata*, were much discouraged. Admiral Brown immediately set about informing himself thoroughly of the whole situation. He was indefatigable in visiting every point and in communicating constantly with the leaders of

Map of the Seat of War.

the revolutionary movement. They put him in full possession of all the facts relating to their position, their expectations, and their plans for the future; and there can be no possible doubt at this time of their entire confidence in his absolute neutrality and their satisfaction at his perfectly impartial attitude. When the official news of the sailing of the *Itata* was received, and it was known all over the world that the United States ships

were ordered to capture and return her to San Diego, as a result of his previous negotiations the Junta immediately wrote to Admiral Brown that the *Itata*, with all the arms and ammunition taken from the *Robert and Minnie*, should be delivered to the United States just as soon as she could be communicated with, and that the Admiral should determine the manner and time of her delivery.

This practically closed the *Itata* incident, as it was quite evident that the Junta was acting in good faith. The arrival of the *Baltimore* with Admiral McCann, the subsequent coming of the *Charleston*, made no change in the arrangements already perfected. The *Itata* was delivered in the manner agreed upon, and the revolutionary Junta saw her depart with many misgivings, as it delayed the day of aggressive operations indefinitely. The insurgent press had been quite moderate until the arrival of the *Itata* in Iquique. As soon as it became evident that the United States was thoroughly in earnest, its tone changed to one of hostility, finding fault with our Government for its actions, and making an outcry at what it called the great force displayed to bully a weak power which claimed to be fighting for constitutional liberty. From that time until the present the Chilean press devoted to the revolution has not ceased its adverse criticism of the attitude of the United States, nor refrained from attacking the officers of our Government who have been the civil and naval representatives at the capital and in the waters of Chile.

Early in June the squadron dispersed, the *San Francisco*, after a short visit to Arica, stopping at Pisagua, went south to Coquimbo, visiting the ports of Antofagasta and Caldera. A good opportunity was thus presented to study thoroughly the position and resources of the revolutionists, which at this time were about as follows: There were in Iquique less than two thousand men under arms. At all the other ports together there were not three hundred men. Recruiting had stopped, practically, and there were constant desertions. The sales of nitrates brought in a large supply of money, which gave and supported credit abroad, and made the continuance of the struggle possible. Large supplies of provisions came to Iquique, so there was no lack of food. Clothing was scarce, and so were arms and ammunition. The squadron was kept on the alert by the torpedo cruisers *Lynch* and *Condell*, and the officers and crews were pretty well disheartened by the prospect of an indefinite extension of their wearing but necessary vigilance. The Opositores in hiding in the south were complaining of their lack of enterprise. A movement of some kind was urged to give new life to the cause. The leaders were accused of tarrying in their position of absolute security for the purpose of enjoying for a longer period the fat revenues from the sales of nitrates, while their fellow revolutionists in the south claimed that they were being persecuted in all sorts of fiendish ways by the tyrant Balmaceda.

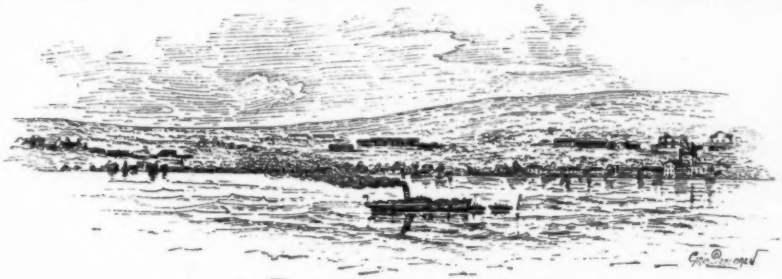
The revolutionary Junta had determined, therefore, to move before the arrival of the *Presidentes*, relying upon disaffection in the Government army and the accession of large numbers favorable to their cause as soon as they could effect a landing at some point near, or south of, Coquimbo. As it was the inclement season, and the men lacked proper clothing, it was desirable to put off the movement as long as possible.

The desert of Atacama separates the nitrate regions of Chile from the agricultural portion. It was impossible for the President to send an expedition by land across this impassable barrier, or for the friends of the revolution to join the army at Iquique, except as fugitives in the north-bound steamers. Many succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the authorities, and reached Iquique in this way. A few crossed the Andes into Argentina, and recrossed again

into the province of Copiapó and at other points, suffering many hardships and undergoing much danger in the effort. These men, who, as a rule, belonged to the best families in Chile, were eagerly welcomed and given positions at once in the army.

The difficulties of getting out of the country precluded the possibility of sending any men for the ranks from the south. These were recruited entirely from the nitrate works and mines of the north.

As the flagship went slowly south it was seen that the hold of the revolutionists on the ports south of Iquique was a very weak one. All were practically defenseless. Only the limited resources of the President for transportation prevented his sending troops



Caldera, Showing Site of Wreck of "Blanco Encalada."

to all of these places. His one transport, the *Imperial*, could carry but two regiments, two thousand men at most; and these could be overwhelmed, long before reinforcements could arrive, by the troops from Iquique with the aid of the squadron and the seven or eight efficient transports in the hands of the revolutionists. The *Imperial* with the two torpedo cruisers succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the squadron on several occasions; but it was always an extremely hazardous operation and they had many narrow escapes.

It may be said here that the three vessels forming the flotilla of the Government were extremely well handled. The defection of the squadron had deprived the President of the assistance of the navy. The officers and men as a body had gone with the revolution, while the rank and file of the army had remained loyal. The few naval officers who were not carried away by the tide of feeling did splendid service for their chief, and contributed their full share in sustaining his authority. The difficulties they had to overcome in getting engineers and machinists to handle and care for the complicated machinery of the torpedo cruisers, in training men to work the torpedoes and machine guns, and the risk they ran at all times from a very vigilant and merciless enemy, can scarcely be understood. They had agreed among themselves, at the commencement of the war, to limit their duties to the transportation of troops and material, and had made that stipulation with the President, who then approved of their decision. After the attempt of a launch from the *Blanco Encalada* to destroy the *Imperial* with a torpedo, in the harbor of Valparaiso, in the early part of the difficulty, they saw their generosity would not be appreciated, and henceforth they treated their opponents as enemies. After the destruction of the *Blanco Encalada* in the harbor of Caldera by the torpedo cruisers, their officers knew well enough that if caught their lives would be forfeited at once. With one exception they impressed the officers of the American ships as being brave, intelligent, capable and very modest men, who were fully aware of the risks of their position, but who were entirely honest and earnest in their belief in

the justice of the President's cause. The story of the repeated and successful efforts of the *Imperial* under Fuentes and Garin to land troops in the north, their narrow escapes from the revolutionary squadron, and the daring and successful attack of the *Blanco Encalada* by the torpedo cruisers *Lynch* and *Condell* under Fuentes and Moraga, makes a very lively contrast with the operations conducted on terra firma.

At Coquimbo we encountered the first troops devoted to the cause of the President. It was evident at once that the preparation, the efficiency and the enthusiasm of these men were far greater than of those we had just seen. It was then believed that the first landing of the revolutionists would be made at this point. Believing this, the President had concentrated a fine division of about nine thousand men of the three arms in the province of Coquimbo, making it sufficiently strong to protect itself without hope of assistance. The country between the Bay of Coquimbo and the most northern point reached by the railroad system of Chile is exceedingly rugged and difficult. The troops which marched overland from Santiago to join the Coquimbo division were about two weeks on the way. This division, therefore, was practically isolated, and understood it must stand or fall without assistance when the trial should come.

The condition of these men, whom we saw for weeks under all the conditions possible in that faultless climate, was unquestionably fine. They were well fed, well dressed and well drilled. But few were kept in the cities or towns, and these were frequently changed. The main body was quartered in cantonments in the country, where the officers and men were constantly under instruction. They were brought together often on a large plain to the south of Serena, the largest city in that province, for exercise in sham battles, and to determine the rapidity with which they could be concentrated. There was no lack of enthusiasm, nor was there any evidence of disloyalty. The reports for July, the month preceding the battles, showed no desertions from the regular infantry regiment, the Zapadores, of twelve hundred men, and eighteen from the regiment of cavalry of four hundred men, these two regiments making the best and worst showing respectively for that month.

The principal officers of the division reconnoitered the whole country thoroughly, and all were heartily wishing that the landing would be made in that province. Every indication pointed to this, and the American, English, German and French squadrons gathered in the capacious and well-protected Bay of Coquimbo to witness the expected attack.

In the early part of July one of the revolutionist transports, the *Maipo*, returned to Iquique from a successful trip to the Straits of Magellan, where she received from a steamer a large shipment of arms and ammunition sent out from Europe. This acquisition restored the flagging spirits of the insurgents, who immediately renewed their recruiting with great vigor and success. The enthusiasm spread among the laboring population of that region, and in a comparatively short time their force had reached the respectable figure of nearly five thousand men, whom they were now able to arm as fast as enrolled. They organized the force into a division of three brigades of infantry, with a small force of cavalry and artillery, and pushed ahead their preparations for the coming expedition with great rapidity. In their organization and instruction they owed much to a German officer named Körner, who had been in the General Staff of the German army. Körner had been recommended to the agents of the Chilean Government in Europe before the war as a suitable instructor for the advanced course of tactics and strategy the President desired the officers of the army to pursue. At the outbreak of the revolution it was sup-

posed he would remain neutral, but he soon joined the Junta at Iquique, and placed himself at their disposal. He seems to have acted with great tact and modesty, overcoming gradually the natural prejudices of the superior officers against himself as a foreigner, and against the new system he labored to introduce. The Chileans still adhered to the old-fashioned style of fighting in close order, and depending largely on the use of the bayonet. After great efforts Körner succeeded in convincing the most obstinate that with modern arms this system was out of date; and by the exercise of extraordinary patience he appears to have won the respect and affection of all.

As Chief of Staff, the place for which he was eminently fitted, by intelligence, education and experience, he contributed more than any one man to the phenomenal success of the Chilean revolution.

The agents of the Junta in Europe were unable further to delay the departure of the *Presidentes*, and it became necessary to make the long premeditated start. In the latter part of July, therefore, the first movement was made to Caldera, roughly speaking four hundred miles north of Valparaiso. At this time, after much study and many discussions, and by a vote of the principal officers, the determination had been reached to attack the Balmaceda division at Coquimbo. About all the available men north of Caldera had been gathered up without crippling the nitrate industry. This was necessary for the revenues, and the interference with it would have brought about complications with the English, the principal owners of the factories. The province of Copiapó, of which Caldera is the seaport, had not yet been drawn upon largely for men; it was but two hundred miles from Coquimbo, the objective point. Caldera would be easily protected against incursions from the torpedo cruisers, and the mines in that region could be stripped of men without affecting materially the financial condition of the revolutionary party. There was much enthusiasm here also, and the army speedily swelled to nearly nine thousand men. Many of these landed at Quinteros in their civilian clothes, and with but the little instruction which the officers were able to give during the passage down on shipboard.

While at Caldera information was received that a plan had been perfected in Santiago, by the revolutionary committee in hiding there, to destroy the communication between Santiago, Concepcion and Valparaiso to prevent the concentration of the divisions of each at these places. About one hundred and fifty young men, many of them belonging to the best families in Santiago, had banded together and were all prepared with arms, materials and tools to destroy the bridges and tunnels, cut the telegraph and telephone wires, raise a riot in the capital, and prevent the division there from going to the assistance of the troops at Valparaiso. So certain were they of carrying out this scheme that the plan of going to Coquimbo was given up, and it was determined to land at Quinteros, but eighteen miles north of Valparaiso, and attack the division at the seaport, which was known to be numerically less than the revolutionist force. I was assured afterwards by a member of the Junta that this hazardous undertaking would not have been attempted had they had the slightest doubt about the success of the Santiago conspirators. It would have been an inconceivable folly to have landed nine thousand more or less undisciplined men at Quinteros in the face of more than twenty thousand seasoned and drilled troops of the Government, which could be concentrated in their chosen positions, no matter what the direction of their opponents' march. The conspiracy failed, for the band was destroyed at Lo Cañas the day before the landing at Quinteros; and there was no delay whatever in the concentration of the Concepcion and Santiago divisions in the vicinity of Valparaiso.

The destruction of the band of guerrillas in the vicinity of Santiago at Lo Cañas, a ranch belonging to one of the leaders of the revolution, has been held up to the whole civilized world as one of the most atrocious acts of barbarism ever committed. It must be remembered, however, that this was a well-organized plan to cripple the action of the Government at a moment when it would be fighting for existence, and by means which would inevitably result in the destruction of innocent human life. The band was attacked, and resisted, and many were killed. Others were afterward tried by court-martial, confessed their guilt, and were executed. The details of the attack and execution were reported as shockingly cruel; but the fact of the intention and preparations of these young men certainly placed them outside the category of ordinary conspirators.

Early on the 20th of August it was reported everywhere about Valparaiso that the revolutionists had commenced at daybreak to land at Quinteros. It had been currently rumored also, for a number of days before, that the landing would be effected within forty-eight hours after the cruiser *Esmeralda* should fire three shots off the harbor. This was done on the 18th, although no one believed it signified anything at the time. There had been so many falsehoods circulated by both sides, with the apparent sanction of the highest authorities, that the story of the landing at Quinteros was not entirely credited. To be able to inform his Government of the facts at the earliest possible moment, Admiral Brown got under way in the *San Francisco* and steamed around to Quinteros, where he saw the whole force of the revolutionists either on shore or in scows preparing to land. His object being simply to verify the report in a general way, he kept at a distance during his observation, and having satisfied himself of the fact he returned to Valparaiso. A dispatch in cipher was immediately prepared, which I took to the Intendente, Admiral Viel, for his official authorization, this being the scrutiny to which all telegraphic messages were subjected at that time. The Intendente, who was very busy and much excited, as a matter of courtesy did not require the translation of the cipher; and he consequently could have had no knowledge of the contents of the dispatch. This is all there is of the Quinteros incident which has been magnified to such a degree by the Chilean press.

As fast as the troops set foot on land at Quinteros they were pushed on to the banks of the Aconcagua River, some miles in the direction of Valparaiso. Before daylight on the 21st the little army was drawn up on the northern bank opposite the fords of the river, ready to cross when the order should be given.

The army of President Balmaceda was composed of four principal divisions: The First or Santiago Division of 6,000 soldiers, commanded by Major-General Orozimbo Barbosa; the Second or Valparaiso Division of 7,000 men, Brigadier General José Miguel Alcérreca; the Third or Coquimbo Division of 9,000 men, Colonel Carvallo; and the Fourth or Concepcion Division of 10,000 men, commanded by Colonel Daniel Garcia Videla, an approximate total of 32,000 men.

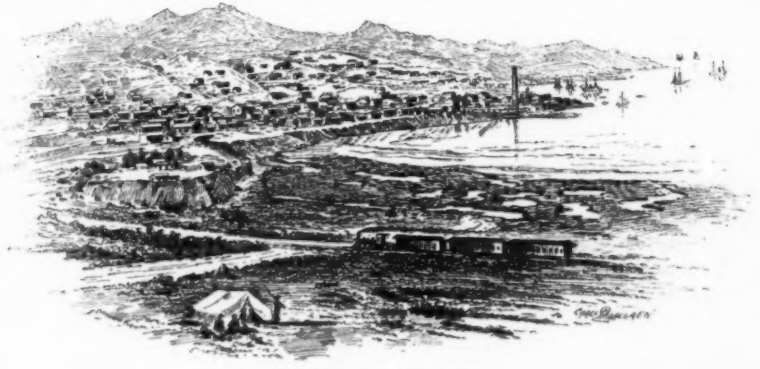
The plan of the President was to keep a division in each one of the principal centers of population nearest to the sea. Serena is the capital of the north, Concepcion is the capital of the south, and Santiago and Valparaiso are the two most important cities of the republic. Valparaiso is a seaport, Serena and Concepcion are but a quarter of an hour distant from the sea, and Santiago can be attacked by way of San Antonio or by way of Valparaiso. The other populous cities of Chile, like San Felipe, San Fernando, Curico, Talca, Angel, Rancagua and others, are very far back from the coast, and there are no practicable landing places in their vicinity.

This was the general plan of national defense.

Passing now to the plan of military operation, the President took into consideration two cases, first, a landing at Coquimbo, and, second, a disembarkation at Valparaiso, San Antonio or Talcahuano.

In the first case the Coquimbo troops would have to fight without aid, and, in the remote contingency of a defeat, would have to fall back on Santiago by way of Combarbalá, Illapel and Calera. In the second case the generals had express instructions *not to risk a battle* until the arrival of the other two divisions, easily effected on account of the railroads reaching Valparaiso, Santiago and Concepcion. The divisions of Santiago and Valparaiso could be concentrated in ten hours, and that of Concepcion, at Santiago, in twenty-four hours, and at Valparaiso in thirty. The only division that could not be reinforced nor come to the aid of the others with rapidity was that at Coquimbo. If the President had had control on the sea he could have sent aid to that division, or reinforced others with it, in twenty-four hours, but not having that control at least fifteen days would have been necessary for the march by land across mountains, deep gulches and high hills.

The concentration of the Santiago, Valparaiso and Concepcion divisions was intended to avoid the shedding of blood. Among the three divisions there was a total of 23,000 men. Deducting garrisons, there remained an effectual force of 20,000 soldiers, well armed, disciplined and provided with ammunition. The revolutionists had but 9,000 men. It was evident that the plan of concentration contemplated did not admit of a bloody battle. The enormous disproportion of the number of troops would have avoided that. To bring about the concentration the necessary trains were held in Santiago, Valparaiso and Concepcion in order to transport the disposable forces of each division at a moment's notice. A cordon of troops, gensdarmes, police and pontoniers guarded the railroads and bridges of strategical importance. The telegraph lines were also carefully watched.



Coquimbo from the Land.

At daybreak on the 20th of August the President gave orders, first, to General Alcérreca, to advance to the Aconcagua River and worry the enemy while the three divisions were being concentrated; second, to General Barbosa to send forward his troops; and, third, to bring to Santiago and Valparaiso the Concepcion division. Alcérreca moved a portion of his division on the same day, the 20th, to

the line of the River Aconcagua, a few hours distant from Quinteros. A part of the Santiago division, with General Barbosa, arrived on the line the same day, and before midday the first detachment left Concepcion. The 20th passed without further change.

On the 21st the revolutionary army was in Concon, the point where the River Aconcagua empties into the sea. During the forenoon there was an artillery duel, and at noon the battle commenced.

General Alcérreca concluded to fight, although he had in line but 6,500 men. He waited neither for the Concepcion division of 10,000 men coming rapidly by rail since noon of the day before, nor for five battalions of the Santiago and Valparaiso divisions on the march from Viña del Mar, numbering 2,550 men. The rest of the Santiago and Valparaiso divisions remained in those populous cities to keep order. The regiment, Artillery of the Coast, remained in the forts to repulse an attack by the squadron.

The line of battle occupied by the Government troops had four serious disadvantages; first, it was near the sea and exposed to the fire of the ships; second, it could be attacked from the rear by troops disembarked at Reñaca; third, there were deep gulches which broke the unity of the line and made it impossible for the wings to aid each other; fourth, it was very extensive, being placed more to oppose the passage of the river than to engage in battle.

Add to this that the troops went into the fight with only one hundred rounds per man; that the service of the ammunition train was made very difficult; that the artillery for this reason was very soon out of ammunition; that the cavalry had very little opportunity for action; and that the question of command between the generals had not been definitely decided.

The fact is the battle of Concon was fought contrary to instructions. The line chosen by the President was that formed by the heights of Viña del Mar, and *not* by the River Aconcagua; and the incidents were precipitated because the generals did not wait for the large reinforcements rapidly coming to them.

To keep the public order after the defeat it was necessary to leave in Santiago and the south five regiments and small detachments of other bodies.

As a result of the panic produced by the rout of Concon, and the natural difficulties of quick concentration, the revolutionists could have taken Valparaiso the same day, or at daybreak on the 22d, but they were either much disorganized or did not wish to take the risk. They did not pursue their enemy, nor molest him in any way during the whole night of the 21st, nor during the day and night of the 22d. They allowed him, without opposition, to effect his concentration of troops; did not cut the railroad at Quilpue, Limache, San Pedro or Quillota, all less than six hours distant from Concon, by cavalry, which would have prevented the Concepcion division from reaching Valparaiso. On the 22d they did not attack Valparaiso, practically undefended, as the bodies of troops there were badly demoralized and widely separated. They did not even try to surprise Quilpue, which was the rallying point of all who retired from Concon and who had no ammunition. They did not attack Fort Callao with the squadron before the Government line was established, nor did the ships shell the heights of Viña del Mar while the Government troops were taking their positions very slowly. And, finally, the squadron did not stop the *Lynch*, which entered the harbor on the night of the 22d, bringing 500,000 rounds of ammunition from Coquimbo,—a fortunate addition, as the troops from Concepcion and the others also had scarcely one hundred rounds per man.

At 6 o'clock P. M. of the 22d the last detachment of the Concepcion division arrived. In the mean time, from the morning of the 22d, the revolutionists rested in their position in

front of Viña del Mar. The most advanced troops exchanged shots occasionally, and now and then made a weak feint at attacking.

At daylight on the 23d the smoke of the large campfires fixed the extremes and depth of both lines. The right of the revolutionary army extended to the sea. Back of it were a series of ravines which form the skirts of the rugged hills of the coast range. The center and left rested on the heights which, commencing almost at the seaside, surround the town of Viña del Mar towards the interior limit of the creek of the same name.

The army of the Government extended from Fort Callao along the most elevated crests of the heights of Viña del Mar. The right wing projected beyond the main line to prevent an advance on Valparaiso, on the side of Las Zorras. Fort Callao is situated on the top of a large knob which touches the sea on one side. Behind it lies the town of Viña del Mar. On the side of the sea the position was defended by two nine-inch guns. All of the field artillery of the Government, consisting of sixteen Krupp pieces and two Hotchkiss revolving guns, was placed outside of the range of the guns of the squadron. Both armies were separated by the creek and town of Viña del Mar.

At sunrise the squadron, composed of the *Cochrane*, *Esmeralda*, *O'Higgins* and *Aconcagua*, was lying off Concon, although not visible to the naked eye. At 7:10 a part of the Government field artillery commenced firing, and this was shortly afterward returned. The squadron then advanced, and Fort Callao fired the first shot at about 8,000 yards. The artillery fight became general, and the infantry of both armies looked on in silence. The shots of the revolutionary squadron and artillery destroyed a few houses in Miramar. The three hundred discharges only wounded four people slightly.

The artillery of the Government under Colonel Fuentes fired effectively in return; and after a cannonade of about two hours the revolutionists fell back rapidly. The squadron, evidently disinclined to take risks, followed this example, withdrawing to Concon. During the bombardment the other four forts in the harbor assisted Fort Callao whenever practicable.

In view of the strong position held by the Government troops the revolutionists modified their plan of assaulting Valparaiso from the side of Viña del Mar, and employed the remainder of the day in breaking up their line of battle and concentrating upon their rear guard. The torpedo cruiser *Lynch* left her moorings, and for a short time, under the protection of Fort Callao, bombarded the heights occupied by the revolutionists. The squadron paid no attention to her.

The whole of the 23d was passed by the revolutionists in making feints with their advance guard to cover the actual concentration of the main body. It looked as if they meant to retire to Concon, but in reality they did not abandon their positions. In the mean time the artillery belonging to the Concepcion division left Quilpue with its large train of ammunition, and arrived by rail at Valparaiso, passing very near the left flank of the enemy. The cavalry of the Concepcion division never reached Barbosa's army. While on the march from Quilpue one squadron of two hundred lancers and the commanding officer deserted, taking the road to Concon, and joined the cavalry of the enemy. The remainder, unable to join Barbosa, returned to Quillota.

At daybreak on the 24th the army of Barbosa still kept the position of the night before. The revolutionists, on the contrary, while preserving the appearance of maintaining their line, were really making movements hidden by the hills. The fact that neither army nor squadron made any hostile manifestation awoke suspicion in the minds of the staff of General Barbosa, and a series of reconnaissances in force were immediately commenced and

carried on during the whole day. These demonstrated absolutely that the revolutionists were going from Viña del Mar towards Salto and Quilpue. It was certainly proved that General Canto left no troops on his line on the 23d, and that he was definitely marching around the hills toward Quilpue. It was generally agreed also that the enemy had commenced a movement around Valparaiso in order to attempt to enter without firing a shot after having deceived the Government army by movements, apparently disorderly, and of double strategical signification. As the rain continued falling heavily, it was resolved to wait until the following morning before undertaking definitely the march by the right flank. Barbosa's troops slept at their posts exposed to the bad weather, while the revolutionists sent their troops down from the heights and lodged them in the houses and pretty suburban cottages at Quilpue.

On the morning of the 26th the weather was beautiful. A council of war of the commanding officers was held at Barbosa's headquarters. Plans were analyzed, the reports of all the reconnaissances were read, the officers who had made them were heard, and it was agreed to commence the march on Placilla during the afternoon. To deceive the enemy it was determined to leave burning the usual campfires and to conceal the line of march as much as possible by means of the inequalities of the country. Profound silence was guarded, the soldiers were kept from smoking, and the cavalry was kept at some distance from the infantry. The artillery was put on the railroad trains at Viña del Mar and transported to Valparaiso, to be sent in the morning to occupy the hills back of the city, which lie in front of Placilla. It was ordered also that a small detachment of infantry and artillery should occupy Placilla and the hills around during the night to prevent any unforeseen advance of the revolutionists. In order to understand better the situation, it will be useful to describe the theater of operations of both armies.

General Canto's troops marched on the arc of a circle which, starting from Viña del Mar, followed the rugged hills of Salto, crossed the elevations of Quilpue, passed through the town of the same name, and then fell with a gradual slope through the fine plantations of Las Palmas and La Cadena, and entered Placilla along the skirts of the low hills which continue through Las Tablas to Laguna and Valparaiso. The army of Barbosa took the chord of this arc, marching by the right flank. It had to ascend and descend very large and deep gulches, cross a swamp and reach Placilla through the plantation of La Ceniza.

The strategical importance of Placilla is seen at once. It is the key to Valparaiso. All the roads that lead from the coast join in this village. An army that does not assault Valparaiso at Viña del Mar, aided by troops landed at La Laguna, also at the seaside, must of necessity go through Placilla. This is the junction of roads leading out of Salto. Quilpue, Viña del Mar, Casa Blanca, and of all the towns extending towards Melipilla and Santiago. In a word, the army which is master of Placilla is master of Valparaiso. It will be readily understood, therefore, why both armies marched in great haste to occupy this village.

The army of Barbosa commenced its march at 3:30 P. M. from the right wing. The ground was moist, swampy part of the way, with dangerous footing here and there, and with deep holes filled with water. It soon became dark, and the night was black and damp. The moon did not rise until 2 o'clock on the following morning. The troops marched silently along, overcoming great difficulties in climbing up and down deep gulches, following paths flanked by dangerous precipices, in crossing muddy bottoms, in passing through marshes and pools of stagnant water, in groping through

dense woods, and in marching in single file through the great swamp on the plantation La Ceniza.

Just at daylight on the 27th the staff of Barbosa reconnoitered, and proved that the enemy was encamped on the plantation La Cadena, a short distance from Placilla. The mass of his troops was hidden in breaks in the low hills, the cavalry was in plain sight, and the artillery in position. During the whole of the 27th each army was studying the positions of its adversary. Those of Barbosa were excellent, dominating the enemy.

The Battle Field.

A—Government Artillery. B—Scene of Action. C—Anti-Government Forces.

Placilla, a small village with a few houses, a few outlying cottages and as many ranches, lies at the foot of the heights back of Valparaiso, being thus between the two armies. It occupies a low space between the gentle acclivities and broad ridges upon which the revolutionists were posted, and the more rugged hills forming the heights in rear of the port.

The army of Barbosa occupied a line of small extent and considerable depth, being about fifteen hundred yards from the extreme of one flank to the other. The main road from Placilla to Valparaiso, which the enemy would take, passed nearly through the center of the line. The infantry extended on both sides of the road. The left reached to the road of Las Zorras, where it was protected by a deep gulch. The right extended to another deeper gulch separating the ridge running towards Laguna from the hills immediately back of the port of Valparaiso. The flanks were protected, therefore, by two deep fissures which could be passed only with care and without resistance. The artillery was distributed in three parts. One body was near the center but towards the right, on a hill near the main road to Placilla. Another body was near the center also, but towards the left, on a commanding hill, and a little to the rear of the first body. The third body was on a small hill towards the right, overlooking the left wing of the enemy and a portion of the gulch

upon which rested the right of Barbosa's army. The cavalry was in that part of the main road which descends to Valparaiso, where it was under cover from the fire of the enemy, and at the same time very near to the infantry. The reserve was stationed on the ridge near the main road, in that part of it which descends to Valparaiso.

At break of day, and after the dissipation of the light morning fog, Barbosa's staff noticed that the revolutionary army had advanced its line to the slopes and hills nearest the heights occupied by the Government forces. At half-past seven the order was given to Colonel Fuentes to open fire with the artillery. This officer, who was apparently the hero of the day, directed a portion of the artillery to engage the revolutionary artillery, reserving for himself the fire on the advancing infantry. A few moments afterward the artillery and the skirmishers of Canto commenced firing, and the action became general. For an hour and a half the firing was incessant, but the troops on both sides maintained their original positions. Suddenly the second regular regiment, which had been in reserve, when ordered to support the left wing, deployed in fine shape under fire, and then, throwing up the butts of their rifles, deserted to the enemy. Other battalions at once commenced to retire in disorder, followed by a portion of the artillery. The retreat left the guns of Fuentes completely uncovered, and the main road to Placilla entirely open.

When the revolutionists saw this sudden and unexpected retreat they advanced rapidly with their right. A part of their cavalry advanced also by the main road very slowly, and soon reached the rear of the Government line. Finding no resistance, as the troops charged with the defense of this point had retired, they obliqued toward the Government right until they met Generals Barbosa and Alcérreca, who were personally directing the defense of the artillery of Fuentes. A few moments before this Colonel Fuentes had retired on account of a wound in the face. After a short struggle, during which both Generals were killed, further resistance became impossible, and the disorganized remnants of the army dispersed in the direction of Valparaiso. Officers and soldiers both agreed that the battle was lost by the defection of entire corps, which either did not fight or fired only a few volleys. It is calculated that but little more than half of the army actually took part in the fight. This is the only explanation of the fact that none, or few, superior officers were wounded or killed, for the battle was fought in a limited space, completely in the zone of fire. Without doubt, however, there were in all the corps officers and soldiers who remained loyal and faithful to their duties.

At 10:30, after three hours of struggle, the fight was won, and the victors advanced to Valparaiso. The number of killed and wounded was great, nearly 5,000 being afterward treated in the hospitals of Santiago and Valparaiso.

There was a most unaccountable lack of plan on the part of the Government. The terrain in the general vicinity of Valparaiso had not been carefully reconnoitered. The chief-of-staff of General Alcérreca had made a reconnaissance toward Quinteros a few days only before the landing. There was but one practicable road in that direction, and that was not in good condition. The country was very rugged, and the topography in detail was unfamiliar to the officers.

There had been apparently no preparation of roads or paths to enable rapid concentration of troops anywhere off the line of the railroad, or to facilitate the movement of supplies of ammunition or food. This would not have been a difficult matter, as the only practicable landing places for invading troops are quite near Valparaiso.

The line of defense chosen by the President extended along the heights overlooking the railroad from Viña del Mar, having Fort Callao for the protection of the left flank. This is an impregnable position, with all the advantages a general could demand. There is no doubt that both Generals Alcérreca and Barbosa had definite instructions not to bring on a battle

A Chilean Soldier.

until the whole army should be concentrated on this line. Out of range of the guns of the squadron, and with inexhaustible supplies within reach by rail, there could have been little doubt of the result.

General Alcérreca reached the field of Concon with a portion of his division quite early on the 20th, the same day of the landing at Quinteros. Barbosa arrived later in the day, but did not actively assume command. A member of his staff asked him how he liked the disposition of the troops, and he expressed himself as not pleased. There was an evident coolness between the two Generals, and no concert of action whatever. Some members of the staff endeavored to have carried out the President's orders directing a strategic retreat towards Viña del Mar, holding the enemy in check as much as possible, so as to give time for the arrival of the Concepcion division. This effort did not succeed. The President evidently had some intimation that matters were not going altogether well, for he telegraphed to the field to know if Barbosa were there, and, on being informed that he was, immediately sent word to both Generals "to work together."

There was no concert of action, however, no council of war, and matters drifted along until the army was hopelessly engaged by the exceedingly vigorous and enterprising enemy, and then it was too late to withdraw.

Both Generals made the fundamental error of underrating the enemy. Previous to the landing, in a council of war at Santiago, Barbosa had opposed the idea of sending more than three thousand troops from the capital, in case of an invasion near Valparaiso, to aid Alcérreca's division. The latter officer expressed himself frequently in terms of unmeasured contempt in regard to officers, men and arms of the revolutionary army; and before the action of Concon had commenced both Generals were heard to say that the revolutionists were evidently an ill-equipped and undisciplined mob which would be scattered at the first onset.

As afterwards happened at Placilla, the artillery was not properly supported at Concon; and the left wing was so placed that it was readily flanked by troops which approached unseen. The whole line of Government troops was exposed to the fire of the squadron; and although the losses from this cause were small, the demoralizing effect of screaming, bursting shells was undoubtedly great.

The Government troops went into the action of Concon having practically fasted from the day before. This was represented to the Generals, but no steps were taken to feed the men, and they consequently fought under that additional and fatal disadvantage. The whole transport and commissariat service was ridiculously inadequate, and the hospital service on both sides seems to have been equally inefficient.

After the Battle.

There were no preparations for signaling. The whole country is so rugged that the passage of large bodies of troops can be readily concealed from ordinary observation, and the use of cavalry for scouting is undoubtedly difficult. An efficient signal corps would have contributed much information after the battle of Concon. As it was, the revolutionists having cut the railroads and telegraph lines, General Barbosa firmly believed, for several days, that they had gone to Santiago; and only when the Minister of War, a civilian, insisted, after much opposition, on a reconnaissance in force, which he conducted himself, was it known definitely where the enemy had gone.

In fact, only after the arrival of the Minister of War does there seem to have been any unanimity of action and any spirit of enterprise or activity displayed. It was then too late, as a profound demoralization was noticeable everywhere; and all impartial observers considered that the result of the next action would leave the revolutionists in full possession of the field.

After the battle of Concon and the advance on Viña del Mar, it was the desire of some of the leaders of the revolutionists to retire to the ships and re-embark. The line of the Government was too strong, and there was no uprising in their favor in Valparaiso. Added to this, their troops

were thinly clad, and their means of keeping up communication with the ships, their base, were inadequate. The advice of the chief-of-staff, Colonel Körner, prevailed, however, and the movement around Valparaiso was determined upon. This was taking a great risk, but the exultation of the troops at the result of the first battle and the large accessions to their ranks of deserters, prisoners and stragglers, and the evident discouragement of their opponents, made the attempt a very attractive one. Without doubt, also, Colonel Körner made a shrewd estimate of the utter incapacity of the opposing Generals.

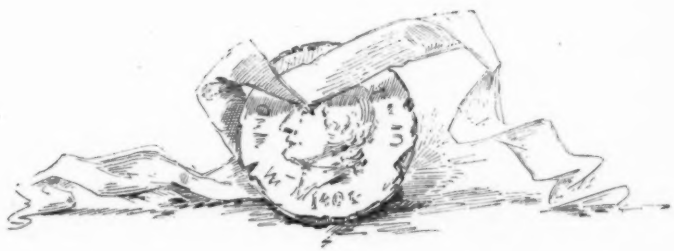
Owing to Körner's influence also Canto's officers were supplied with maps of the country surrounding Valparaiso; and the plan of their operations was known and understood by all the principal officers. There was no confusion in their organization, and they went about their hazardous undertaking in an energetic, practical, determined manner, guided evidently by one thoroughly acquainted with his profession, as understood and practiced by soldiers of the present day, a striking contrast to the tactics of the Government Generals.

The operations of the squadron were not so brilliant. During the attack on Viña del Mar on the 22d of August several of the ships took part in the artillery fight, but were exposed very little. There was an evident disinclination to take risks, and their assistance was of no value. It seems to have occurred to them too late that the Government might make an effort to bring troops from Coquimbo; for the transport *Imperial* left Valparaiso on the night of the 23d, and embarked two regiments of the Coquimbo division without difficulty. One ship could have prevented that. These troops were landed in Talcahuano. So far as the squadron was concerned they might easily have been brought into Valparaiso, where they would have made a valuable and cheering addition to the disheartened troops waiting in line of battle.

The squadron lent no assistance during the fight at Placilla, even by their presence in force. During that battle not a shot was fired from the ships at the forts, nor was there any demonstration of any kind.

The battle of Placilla was won, Valparaiso occupied, and yet no ships appeared. Finally the torpedo boat *Sargento Aldea* was sent out in search of the missing squadron, and just at dusk the *Cochrane* appeared. The remainder came along during the night and the next day.

It must be supposed that the months of anxious watching following the loss of the *Blanco Encalada* told somewhat upon the enterprise and nerves of the officers of the squadron; for, leaving Coquimbo and Talcahuano unwatched, it is difficult otherwise to conceive why they did not take a more prominent and brilliant part in the capture of Valparaiso.



THE FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

By Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon.

PARTY feeling was aroused to the highest pitch at the very commencement of the session, by the rulings of the Speaker, and was subsequently exacerbated by a revision of the rules of procedure. Great bitterness prevailed from the beginning to the end of that Congress. From this cause the political opponents of the majority were at no time in a frame of mind to treat their work with ordinary fairness. The partisans of the minority readily fell into the same spirit, and consequently from one end of the country to the other assaults of a severe character were made, and denunciation was unsparing and continuous. Its extravagance was assailed unremittingly. The appropriations were unprecedented in amounts, but the assailants have carefully abstained from going into details. Had they done so, it would appear that much, at least, of the increase was for just and worthy objects. The work of the majority has not been defended as its merits deserve. One thing, however, is undenied and undeniable, and it is that upon the main issues in the campaign of 1888 the majority faithfully executed the commands of the people given at the polls. It is not my purpose to consider the work of that Congress in detail or as a whole, but that part only which in my judgment should receive the approval of the entire body of the American people.

Considered apart from party prejudice or personal or local interests, and with reference to the welfare of the country as a whole, the economic and commercial legislation of the Fifty-first Congress appears to be the most comprehensive, best constructed and adjusted of any since the formation of the Government, and particularly well adapted to the conditions which then existed. We were buying of foreign nations many commodities which we ought to have produced; our labor was in severe competition with cheap foreign labor; our products were exported as raw materials, and brought back as fabrics largely enhanced in price by the labor which had been bestowed upon them, and by the percentages paid for transportation and handling. We were paying annually an immense sum of money for transportation upon the sea to foreign ship-owners, and for want of a merchant marine were dependent upon rival commercial nations for the development of our export trade. Wages was not only imperiled by competition with cheap foreign labor, but forced idleness was rapidly increasing in the country. Much of our exportation was indirect and through foreign channels, and balances of trade in our favor were less than they should have been, and there was danger of their becoming adverse. Practically we were paying more money to foreign nations in commercial transactions than we received from them if the sum paid for transportation were taken into the account.

The legislation of that Congress was intended to remove the disadvantages from which we were suffering, and though there may be errors and defects in details, the general theory is correct and adapted to the ends sought to be accomplished. In the tariff law the governing principle is to admit free such necessaries of life as we cannot practically produce; to impose duties on such commodities as we should produce,—just high enough to make up the difference in the cost of production; which difference was mainly, if not altogether, one of wages paid laborers. Exceptions to this general rule were the imposition of higher duties upon luxuries, and upon certain other articles which we did not manufacture,

for the purpose, merely, of aiding those who were disposed to take the risk and expense of starting new industries, it having been demonstrated in past experiences that this policy has the effect to enlarge manufacturing and in a brief time to lessen prices. It has also increased the demand at home for domestic raw materials and food articles. It protects the sugar producers by granting a bounty equivalent to the duty which was removed. The agricultural interests are especially subserved by the imposition of increased duties, and by the enactment of a law providing for the inspection of exported meats, which removes the whimsical reason urged by some of the European governments for prohibiting their importation into their countries.

Congress also recognized the fact that demand for our food productions was larger and more reliable in the countries south on this continent and in the adjacent islands, and that in Europe it was fluctuating and depended upon production there. It is well known that European nations exert themselves to produce sufficiently to feed their own people, and as a rule they succeed, except Great Britain, and they do not buy of us very much outside of a few articles. On the whole, Continental Europe imports, comparatively, limited quantities of breadstuffs and provisions. Great Britain realizes that she is unable to produce enough at home to supply her own people, but she has dependencies which are our competitors and to which she gives the preference. She endeavors to obtain from them all she can, and though she is our best European customer she buys from us much that is transshipped to countries with which our trade should be direct. Apparently, Great Britain had theretofore furnished Brazil with more agricultural products than we, notwithstanding our imports from Brazil had been large. A considerable part furnished by Great Britain came from this country. Though Cuba is but a short sail from the United States, she bought comparatively little of us. The duties imposed by Spain were so high that they enabled Andalusia and other agricultural provinces of that country to supply the Cuban demand. In one way or another we were cut off from or embarrassed in our trade with the very countries most convenient to us, and with which we ought to have had the largest export trade. Our wages being higher than European, and our industries more limited, we were unable to successfully compete in the southern countries, as well as being obliged in some lines to purchase from our commercial and manufacturing rivals. To avoid the latter, encouragement is given to new industries; and to assure what naturally belongs to us, reciprocity was adopted as the finishing feature of the tariff law. The theory of reciprocity is, that as we admit free of duty certain commodities, largely produced in the southern countries, it is but just that we should receive an equivalent, and that nations thus benefited by this legislation should concede to us advantages not granted to others who do not or cannot offer the same benefits that we have conferred. Our sugar alone has cost us $70,000,000 annually, and it is of the highest importance that we should pay for it by an exchange of commodities. The same applies to coffee, tea and hides. Our sugar and coffee come largely from Cuba and Brazil. If we were able to pay for these two items by an exchange of productions it would make a difference of $75,000,000 or $80,000,000 on the credit side of our international trade, and would cause a very handsome increase of balance in our favor. If our manufactures are in larger varieties we will be able to supply more to the nations with which we have reciprocity treaties, as well as to our own people. The tariff law, therefore, must have the effect to enlarge our exports and diminish our imports, and not only to keep our gold at home but to draw it from other countries.

The legislation of the Fifty-first Congress would lack in comprehensiveness if it stopped here. We would still be obliged to pay out our money to foreign nations for transportation; and our export trade would not be developed to the fullest extent without possessing a sufficient merchant marine. We would still be dependent and could not expect that foreign ship-owners would exert themselves for us as they would for their respective nations. It is hardly human nature to be thus impartial. Congress, therefore, passed acts to encourage building and sailing of ships. All that is necessary to enable us to compete with nations that already have the control of carrying upon the sea may not have been done; but a beginning has been made, and if followed up in future in the same spirit with which it has been commenced, sooner than expected we may be able to resume our former status as a maritime power. Our own people have business enough to employ a large marine force, and it is presumable that our countrymen will be preferred, other things being equal. It will be some time before we possess so many ships that any of them will have to lie idle. To have a large merchant marine will not only tend to increase our export trade,—and as we are the greatest producing nation in the world it is the most important part of our international commerce,—but it will give profitable employment to our idle population. It supplements the establishment of new industries, and aids in removing involuntary idleness from the country. With reciprocity and a merchant marine our international commerce will be essentially continentalized; for not only our agricultural products, but our manufactures, will find their chief demand from countries this side of the Atlantic. European nations manufacture for themselves, and depend more largely on the American nations for markets than upon other parts of the world. The countries south of us do not manufacture to any considerable extent, and natural conditions will prevent their being formidable rivals in that respect. The United States alone is able to compete in manufacturing industries and in commerce with the nations of Europe; and as a producer of raw materials and of breadstuffs and provisions we now occupy the first position. The struggle, therefore, is for the trade of the States in Central and South America and the adjacent islands. The policy of reciprocity grasps this question, and is not only an entering wedge to that trade, but if continued the result cannot be otherwise than immensely in our favor.

It is essential to consider the further fact, that in those southern countries, and not in Europe, the balance of trade has been adverse to this country, though it appears otherwise, because international trade accounts are settled in London, which is the clearing-house of the world. We read of frequent shipments of gold to Europe, but never to the Central and South American States; and under this state of affairs the British people manage to secure to themselves the final balances due from whatsoever nation, which gives that country its monetary predominance. London for long years has been and is the monetary center of the world. To continentalize our trade will tend strongly to break up this monopoly, and transfer to this country, in considerable part at least, the money center. Our territory and commerce are so immense and our geographical location so peculiar that a single center would be inconvenient and improbable. Natural conditions indicate that the clearing-houses for our foreign commerce would be in New York on the Atlantic, New Orleans on the Gulf, and San Francisco on the Pacific Coast. The monopoly of London in handling the money of the world not only enriches Great Britain, but enables her to dictate the kind of money the world shall use in international transactions. Monometalism

had its inception in that country, which is the persistent foe of bimetalism. So long as Great Britain maintains her trade and transportation ascendency she will dictate to her advantage the money and monetary policy of all nations. It will be easy for the American States to agree upon a common monetary system; and the proposition to establish international coinage is a step in that direction. The bulk of gold and silver are produced on this continent; and to deprive Great Britain of the handling of the world's gold will quicker and more surely than anything else force the adoption of both the gold and silver standards of value. The southern countries settle their balances in gold as money or in silver as a commodity. If they were settled here, and they will be if trade with those countries is properly developed, we can dictate the kind of money that shall circulate in international transactions. Free silver coinage would be the inevitable and speedy result, and the narrow and deficient single measure of value would no longer be a Shylock to production and commerce.

The economic and commercial legislation of the Fifty-first Congress has enemies at home and abroad. The former confine themselves to criticisms of a few details, and the latter attack the principle upon which the structure rests. The domestic foes desire to accomplish a political object, but the foreign are hostile because it is a serious blow to their interests. The enemies at home have not the courage to join their allies in the mode of attack, because the policy is Americanism against foreignism. The reverse at the first election was brought about by continued prediction of disasters, and by carping about a few details. There had been no demonstration as to the effect of the legislation, because there had been no time to produce results. The country now has some realization of the benefits that will flow from it. New industries are springing up all over the country, and old ones are reviving. Domestic demand for agricultural products has appreciably increased, and employment is given to the involuntarily idle. Our exports are increasing and our imports diminishing, and gold is flowing inward instead of outward. The short crops in some of the European countries has had a favorable influence upon our general export trade, but they have no effect upon that of the countries to the southward. The fact that we are importing less from and selling more to Europe demonstrates that we will have the markets there for food supplies whenever conditions are exceptional, as in case of short crops or war. Reciprocity treaties have been entered into as yet with but few nations. Brazil was the readiest to engage with us, but Spain was reluctant and would not have made concessions if she had not felt obliged to. The United States is supposed to contain about one-twenty-fifth of the population of the globe, and yet one-seventh of the entire sugar production of the world is consumed here. It would not do to deprive Cuba of the immense market of this country. Germany raises sugar for export, and hence she felt obliged to grant as liberal terms upon commodities imported from this country as the stipulations of the Dreibund would permit. It will require but a year or two to disclose the profound wisdom of the measures that Congress devised for the promotion of our industrial and commercial interests.

This policy is in line with that which prevailed from the beginning of the Government to the advent of Polk to the presidency. The departure then taken continued to 1862, and would have been restored under Cleveland if Congress had been in accord with his views. Conditions two years ago were such as to require a broadening of legislation so as to cover reciprocity and to aid the shipping interests. The legislation of the Fifty-first Congress also more clearly defined the principle upon which it

is framed than any that preceded it. The labor question in earlier times was not so important, as the settlement and development of a new country opened an avenue for the employment of all; and involuntary idleness was a thing almost unknown until within the last twenty-five years.

The opponents of the economic policy of the late Congress cannot or do not seem to understand why we cannot manufacture without protective duties. There are two reasons, chief of which is that labor costs about double in this country what it does in rival manufacturing nations, and it constitutes fully seventy-five per cent on the average of the cost of production, presenting to this country the alternative of reducing wages or protecting labor by adequate imposts. The other is that in the old countries plants comprehend all classes of manufacturing, and are well established and sustained by acquired patronage. In some lines we have no plants, and the business must be started *de novo*, which imposes hazards that foreigners do not have to take. It is proper that some inducement should be offered to assure against these hazards. Where plants are established the duty need be only high enough to make up the difference in the cost of labor. Unless the principle stated is applied it is impossible for our people to have the benefit of our own markets. Foreigners can undersell and still make an immense profit.

It is true that our merchant marine before the late war had grown to immense proportions without aid from the Government. That was in the days of wooden ships. The war of the Rebellion destroyed our foreign carrying trade, and left us with nothing but coastwise trade, in which foreign ships are forbidden by law to engage. The shipping which passed out of our hands amounted to 1,800,000 tons, nearly one-half having been sold and placed under foreign flags to avoid the depredations of Confederate cruisers, and the balance was bought or chartered by the Government and worn out or lost in the public service, and destroyed by the public enemies upon the sea. When the war closed it is estimated that it would have cost $100,000,000 to replace our lost tonnage. Interest rates in this country for a considerable time thereafter on the average were nearly double those prevailing in foreign countries, and other nations had the possession of the sea. In the face of these disadvantages our people could not afford to enter into competition so unequal. The obstacle of high rates of interest in a measure is removed; but all others remain, and one that has not been mentioned is that every important commercial nation grants liberal subsidies to their great steamship lines. Formerly transportation was performed on the competitive principle, by single ships, but latterly it is carried most largely through regularly organized and operated lines. The proposition to admit foreign-built ships to an American register so that our people can buy them would be some aid; but there still remains the contest to gain patronage from those who already possess it, the difference in wages paid seamen, and the liberal subsidies paid by foreign governments. Those who oppose these measures, unless they prefer foreign monopoly in manufacturing and international transportation, should suggest those that are more efficacious in building up American interests or hold their peace. To see our labor well compensated and dignified, our industries thrive, our money retained at home, our country dominant as a monetary and political power, and our ships doing, at least, our own carrying trade, should be the desire of every American.

A STAIN ON THE FLAG.

By M. G. C. Edholm.

IT was generally supposed that slavery was abolished in the United States during the administration of Abraham Lincoln; yet, if the facts were known, as they will be to the reader of the present paper, there exists in this country, wherever the Chinese have obtained a foothold, a slavery so vile and debasing that all the horrors of negro American slavery do not begin to compare with it. In San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and other cities where a local Chinatown prevails, women and children are sold to the highest bidder every month in the year,—not merely sold, but imported for the purpose, agents being kept in China for this object; and until the Restriction Act went into operation they were doing a thriving, land-office business. The negro of ante-bellum days was a prince in fortune to the luckless Chinese slave: the former was sold to work, while the latter is selected, bought and handed over for a use compared to which death would be a happy release. For years this system of human slavery has been going on. Good men and women, representing the various churches, have fought it unaided, but it rests to-day a stain upon the American flag, —a blot upon the national honor; and the object of this paper is to present certain aspects of the crime to the lawmakers of the country, and to ask how long such things can be in a country that avowedly offers a refuge to the oppressed of all nations. In the work of stopping the sale of women and young girls in San Francisco, the hot-bed of Chinese slavery, especial credit is due the Presbyterians and Methodists, who have established homes for the rescue and education of these girls and women. The annals of these institutions rival Shakespeare for tragedy; and for dark, damning deeds they read more like the records of barbaric ages and heathen countries than those occurring under the full light of Christian civilization.

These homes are sustained by the Board of Missions of these two churches, much of the money being raised by the Women's Missionary societies,—well disproving the old adage that "woman is woman's worst enemy;" for these tender-hearted women labor night and day for the amelioration of their sisters. The records of these two homes show that hundreds of little girls and women have been rescued from this slavery worse than death; and Miss Margaret Culbertson and Miss Houseworth of the Presbyterian Mission, and Rev. F. J. and Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Downs and Mrs. Ida Hull of the Methodist Mission, and Rev. M. C. Harris of the Japanese Mission, could a tale unfold that would amaze and horrify the world.

In following the career of these girls after rescue, education and Christianization, the sunny side of Chinese life is shown; and many a pleasing romance of love and courtship, happy marriage and a loving home, echoing with the laughter of little children, represents the payment these workers have received.

First, in regard to child slavery: Fathers, and mothers sometimes, sell or pawn their girl babies; and as they are seldom redeemed they become the absolute slaves of their masters. The Chinese mother has little to say as to the disposal of her children, who belong to her master; and if he sees fit to sell them to others she has no choice. One such Chinese woman, with her little girl six years of age, with a frightened, hunted look, begged the protection of the "Jesus women," as they call the Methodist Mission,

saying that the man who had bought her six years before, and with whom she had lived, had become tired of the delicate, puny child, and had determined to sell it, as it hindered her from sewing and earning money. She clung to her child with all the tenacity of a mother's love, and resolved that it should be saved to her at all hazards. Then he trumped up a charge that she had won three hundred dollars by gambling, and demanded that she give it to him or he would sell the child.

The poor woman was driven to desperation and knew not what to do. At this juncture she heard of the Mission house, and fled with trembling steps to its shelter.

Her master, Ah Ong, had powerful friends, and resolved that he would not give her up without a struggle. So day by day she was annoyed and alarmed by the frequent calls made by his friends to speak with her trying by every means to persuade her to return. To all their entreaties she gave a firm refusal.

At length the Chinese Consul-General with his attendants, dressed in his long silk robes, called for her. She begged to be excused, but trembling in every limb came and stood in his august presence. He, with an air of authority, demanded that she return for the honor of the Chinese people, until he was told that he could only ask her, and that no threatening or enforcing of Chinese customs would be allowed. He then promised her protection and a life of ease for herself and child.

She with streaming eyes and great humility, but with determination, told him she knew Ah Ong better than any one else did, and that she was convinced that her loved one would be spirited away or else suddenly die, and if the authorities in the Mission would allow her to remain she would never return to Ah Ong. Of course permission was granted. Grace Methodist Sunday School assumed the support of little Ah Kum, the child; and thus her mother and herself were saved from a life of slavery and worse. A little over a year ago Ah Kum was married to a Christian Chinaman.

Young Chinese girls are often forcibly kidnaped in China, illegally landed in America, and sold to the keepers of places of ill-repute; and, of the inhuman treatment they receive, Miss Culbertson of the Presbyterian Mission testifies that these cases subjoined could be muliplied a hundred fold. One little slave-girl who was being reared for a revolting life was obliged to sew from seven o'clock in the morning till one o'clock at night; and because she would fall asleep through exhaustion her ears had been cut, her hands burned, and she had been beaten and tortured frightfully. Another, who had been rescued from a life of shame, had her eyes propped open with pieces of incense wood because they would at times close wearily in sleep after sitting up through long hours. Her eyes were badly lacerated and inflamed by the treatment.

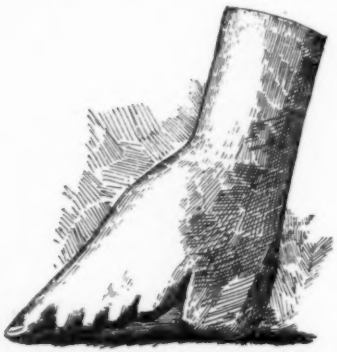
The terrible condition of another little one, only eight years old, makes one's fingers burn to throttle the heartless keepers. She was brought to the Home by a white person who knew she was cruelly treated. Her body was in a fearful condition, black, blue and green in color. Her head had several cuts upon it. Her eyes and lips were much swollen, and her hands resembled pin cushions, so badly swollen were they. The Superintendent sent at once for Mr. Hunter of the Society for the Protection of Children, who said in all the years of labor for the rescue of suffering children he had never seen anything to equal this child's condition, and the woman should be arrested for cruelty. With Officer Holbrook, Miss Culbertson went and had the keeper arrested and sent to prison; but, as usual, she was bailed out by one of her countrymen for one hundred dollars.

Miss Culbertson now went to court to take out letters of guardianship,

Ah Kum, a Rescued Slave in War Dress.

and then showed the child's body to the Judge; yet when her keeper was tried and plead guilty she was fined the paltry sum of thirty dollars.

The little girl was the slave-child of a firm on Dupont Street. The wife, a bound-footed woman, was a perfect



Fac-simile of a Chinese Woman's Foot.

fiend in temper. One method of punishment was to beat the little thing until she was faint, and then to catch her by the hair and drag her on the floor.

Another child had great scars and seams up and down her back and upon her limbs where she had been burned by red-hot irons and scalded with boiling water. Sometimes the tortures are so terrible and long continued that reason becomes dethroned. Sometimes their bodies are so diseased by these cruelties and privations that the best medical care in the Home and the most tender nursing cannot prevent death; but still these slave-dealers continue their horrible traffic with no punishment worthy the name.

But still worse horrors are in store for the little slave-girl as she nears womanhood; for then she is forced to a life of shame,—*the object of all Chinese slavery;* and, if she resists, all the tortures of the Inquisition are resorted to by her cruel masters till she gives herself up body and soul. No need for the Chinese slave to read Dante's "Inferno," or to see the awful horrors of Doré's brush; for her own existence is a living realization of both.

Could there be anything more pathetic than the stories of these few girls, which is the fate suffered by thousands? One girl says: "I was brought here eighteen months ago, and am twenty years old. I was kidnaped in China and brought over here. The man who kidnaped me sold me for four hundred dollars to a San Francisco slave-dealer; and he sold me here for seventeen hundred dollars. I have been a brothel slave ever since. I saw the money paid down, and am telling the truth. I was deceived by the promise I was going to marry a rich and good husband, or I should never have come here."

Another said: "I am seventeen years old. I was born in Canton. When I was ten years old my parents sold me to be a domestic slave. A man brought me here, and he returned to China, having sold me for five hundred dollars. I came to this country three years ago. My master wanted to take me to be his slave, but I resisted. I did not want to be his slave. He had one wife already." *The Rev. F. J. Masters adds in a foot-note, "The girl's master, in presence of Mr. Young of the Episcopal Mission, confessed that his wife bought the girl of a woman for $300."

Another girl says: "I was sold for $2,970; was a slave in a place of ill-repute; never a wife. I escaped by running to a more friendly Chinaman, who kept me till night, and then, disguised in his American clothes, I was taken to a hotel on Bush Street. My master traced me and sent a spy, who got me into a carriage; but when they tried to take me into a cellar on Pacific Street I screamed so that the police took me from them." When this slave was finally found by the Mission people she was in a cellar under the pavement, watched over by

* See the article on Highbinders, by Rev. F. J. Masters, in the January CALIFORNIAN.

a Chinese master, who was keeping her under the influence of drugs.

In all these sales there is a contract made and given, as there would be in the sale of a horse or cow. As might be supposed, it is extremely difficult to obtain an original copy of one of these documents, but one has been obtained; and a fac-simile of what is probably the only contract in the hands of "American devils," as the Chinese highbinder delights to call us, is shown in the accompanying cut. The black spot upon the left side is the seal of the slave-girl, made by pressing her inked finger upon the paper. The contract is given in the original Chinese; the translation would be *a blot upon these pages.**

Here is a story a little more in detail, told by a refined Chinese girl, which also shows how they are taught by their masters to perjure themselves so that they may land in defiance of all law. "I am sixteen years old; was born in Canton. My father died when I was two years old, and left my mother and me and a little brother with no one to support us. My mother worked hard as a seamstress, and I helped her when I got older. When I was fifteen years of age arrangements were made for my marriage, and I was betrothed to a man in Hong Kong. I did not see him, as according to Chinese custom we do not see each other. This was on the tenth day of the tenth Chinese month of last year. On the first day of the eleventh month he came up to Canton again with a woman. He sent the woman to see me and to tell me to get ready to go down to Hong Kong with him. I told him that I must wait till my mother came home before deciding. She urged me to go at once, as my husband was waiting. I went reluctantly, but I thought she spoke true. We went down on the steamship *Hankow*. She took me to a house, where we had a room together; but I saw nothing of the man who was to be my husband. After six days the woman left me in charge of a man, who said I had not got to my husband yet, and that I should have to go on a steamer a few days' journey before I saw him. I did not know who the man was. They said I was going to California. We went on board the steamship *Belgic*. When we got to Japan I found we did not get off the steamer, but went on; then I cried to go back to my mother. I cried all the way over.

"There was a man on board who all the time was teaching me what to say. He coaxed me to be quiet, and told me I would have a rich husband and a fine time in California.

"He said I was to say I had been to California before, and had left a year ago. He said I was to tell them my husband was a ladies' bootmaker living on Jackson Street near Dupont, and told me if I made any mistake in my words, and made any fuss, there would be a foreign devil come and take me away to the devil prison, and I should never see my husband.

"On the third day of the twelfth month I arrived in San Francisco; but it was not before the sixth of that month that I came ashore. On that day a white man came to where I was and called out my name and gave me a white paper, and I went on shore and they measured me. Then I got into a hack with one white man and one Chinaman, and they took me to a house near the court. I was there for several days. I answered all the questions satisfactorily. I swore that my husband lived here, and that I had come to join him. I went again in two or three days till it was all over, and they let me go.

"I went back to a family house; and the next day a slaveholder came to see me, and asked me if I would like to go with her and be willing to go to a house of ill-repute. I indignantly

* A careful translation of this slave contract has been made by the Rev. F. J. Masters, of the Methodist Chinese Mission of San Francisco; and copies will be provided to clergymen, U. S. Senators, Members of Congress, and those engaged in actual philanthropic work, by addressing THE CALIFORNIAN.

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光緒十六年八月十一日　立帮数人新金 ● 指摸

Fac-simile of Original Slave Contract in Possession of "The Californian."

refused, and said I was going to be married in a few days. Then I got suspicious and began to cry; but they told me not to fear, that I was going to a nice place, and would have plenty of food and fine clothes and jewelry, and go to the theater and have a nice time. I cried very much, but it was of no use. The man who brought me over said I must go, and so the money was paid and I was bought. One thousand five hundred and thirty dollars were paid for me. I saw the money paid, and I was taken on the twenty-sixth of last month of last year and placed in her den. They forced me to do their bidding, but I cried and resisted. I did not want to lead this life. They starved me for days, tying me where food was almost in reach of me, which looked so good. Then they beat me time after time, and threatened to kill me if I did not behave right. I heard of the Mission, and I waited my opportunity to run, and so I escaped."

Artists have pictured the slave marts of Turkey, where women are being exhibited before the rich possessors of harems, and might find a similar, though more horrible and realistic field, in San Francisco. Among the discoveries made by the missionaries was the fact that there existed a regular slave mart. This is on Dupont Street, and is or was known as the Queen's Room. Here the slaves are brought from the ships as they arrive and are exposed for examination to the various buyers, who rate them according to their various standards of physical beauty. In a number of instances where these sales are consummated the victims are treated in a manner too horrible for publication, but which is supposed to render them more valuable for the purpose for which they have been purchased. A number of such maltreated women were exhibited to a member of the New York Society for the Suppression of Crime within a few weeks in San Francisco Chinatown. This gentleman was visiting the locality with certain officials, *incognito;* and the women were exhibited and the healed wounds pointed out as a curiosity, suggestive of the cunning of the Chinese slavedealer in resorting to a device only employed in the case of the lower animals, to add to their market value. This chamber of horrors is in all probability still open to the possessor of two bits and a "guide" familiar with the worst side of Chinatown.

If any one think these slavedealers give up their prey without a desperate struggle they are mistaken, as these two incidents show. Ah Yung, a woman twenty-two years old, was found by Rev. N. R. Johnston wandering about in Beulah Park, Oakland, and moaning as if in great trouble. She was brought to the Mission, and said: "I was born at Sun Ning; have been in this country two years. Yue Ka Sheng bought me in Hong Kong for $185 for immoral purposes. I had no certificate. I was brought ashore on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The wife of Yue Ka Sheng took me away from here a long distance, where I was sold for six hundred dollars. They beat me and threatened to kill me when I was unwilling to go with them. While I was in the place I was married to Woo Yuen Chee, who paid back the money to my master. My husband went back to China the fifteenth day of the sixth month of this year. After he was gone his brothers wanted to sell me. They beat me and employed highbinders to take me, and gave them six hundred dollars to kill me. I was shot at over Wong Ting Hing's shop on Commercial Street, but not hurt. They then employed a man to shoot me, but he took pity and sent me to Oakland, and with the money paid him went back to China. I have had two children; the first died and the second was sold by my husband's brothers when it was fifteen months old. I left the child in a room, and when I came back it was gone."

Rev. F. J. Masters relates this story of a little widow: On the 24th of

February, 1890, word was sent to the Methodist Mission that a young Chinese widow, called Chun Kook, was about to be sold into a slavery worse than death. Her husband, to whom she had been married but a few months, died very suddenly, and immediately after his funeral the widow, who is a very pretty little woman, was taken possession of by her husband's clan. Two big Chinamen, said to be highbinders, were guarding her. The ladies of the Mission and the superintendent undertook to rescue her. We were met by the strongest opposition on the part of the men. They grappled with us, and a hand-to-hand wrestle took place, in which the Chinese became convinced of the superiority of Anglo-Saxon muscle. The woman was rescued and safely housed in the Mission with the household effects which belonged to her. Two more amazed and disgusted looking men could not be found than these Chinamen appeared when balked of their prey."

The famous writ of *habeas corpus* causes endless trouble to these liberators of Chinese slaves; and often justice is defeated and these child-women are in the name of American law handed over to be slaves in the various dens of Chinatown. The well-known case of little Woon T'Sin, in whose behalf Miss Culbertson had to go to court more than a score of times, and for whose return to the dens the slave-owners made such a determined fight, is but one of many. The case attracted the attention of the press not only of California but of the United States. Many examples are on record where the highbinders have assaulted with personal violence the grand men and women connected with the Methodist and Presbyterian Missions, and tried by forcible means to regain possession of their prey. One of the most noted of these cases was that of Rev. Thomas Filben, then pastor of a Methodist church in Sacramento, now officiating as the minister of Bush Street Methodist Church, San Francisco.

Mr. Filben rescued the girl from a den in Sacramento, and started to bring her to San Francisco to the Methodist Mission. The owner of the woman was Chin Ah Fee, the highbinder and dealer in human chattels. It appears that, after Mr. Filben left with the woman on the local train for the Bay, the highbinders, who were defeated in their attempts to regain possession of the slave, assisted by some white men belonging to the ring, whom it would be interesting to know, telegraphed Constable Kincaid at Davisville to arrest the woman by all means and hold her. When the train reached Davisville a lot of savage-looking highbinders, in the center of which was the constable, made an attempt to take the woman; but the plucky minister held his ground and the woman was saved.

Constable Kincaid, when he saw that his scheme would not work, telegraphed the constable at Elmira to board the train and arrest the woman. When the train reached Elmira, Mr. Filben was confronted by the constable, who demanded the woman.

"You cannot have her. Show me your warrant," said the brave clergyman.

The constable insisted that he should have the woman. He exhibited the telegram from Constable Kincaid that he should arrest her.

Mr. Filben would not yield, and gave the constable to understand that if he laid his hand on the woman there would be trouble.

At this juncture a number of the passengers were attracted by the conversation, and sided with Mr. Filben.

The constable saw he was getting into hot water, and left the train.

Mr. Filben, observing the unlawful and desperate attempts the highbinders were making to recover the slave, guarded her so much the more closely. He knew that in San Francisco the agents of the ring, assisted by white men, would be ordered by telegram to lie in wait for the woman as she stepped out of the ferry-house, and then if

necessary blood would be shed to regain the lost slave. Knowing this, Mr. Filben balked them by engaging a coupé, which was driven inside the ferry-gates. Outside was a gang of highbinders waiting to pounce upon the woman. As soon as the steamer landed, Mr. Filben and his charge entered the coupé and were driven out of another gate into the city, where they proceeded to the Methodist Chinese Mission.

In the struggle that ensued the woman's clothes were torn in many places; and she even lost her shoes in the effort to regain her freedom. The slaveowners hate Mr. Filben, and are seeking revenge. They consider him a "white devil," and desire to see him punished for freeing slaves.

Once of twice, too, the highbinders have attempted to regain the slaves by an attack for a certain one in the ranks of Chinese girls who, under the care of Miss Margaret Culbertson of the Presbyterian Mission, every Sunday wend their way to the Presbyterian Chinese Church. But a quick call with a police whistle has brought speedy assistance from the police, whose star means that the whole government of the United States will protect the smallest and most helpless child, black or white or yellow, from injustice.

Several times the life of Miss Culbertson has been in danger, and threatening and warning letters from foes and friends have been received, showing that her appearance on the street meant death. But the brave woman, with a serene faith that she is in the hands of a guiding power and cannot be taken till her work is done and He wills it, calmly goes on with the work. Threats have often been made of assaults on the Mission, but when the Mongolians realize that these girls are devotedly attached to Miss Culbertson, and would fight tooth and nail for her, their plan of assault melts into thin air, and the Mission still stands.

One of the disagreeable features of these cases is that skillful American lawyers are often employed by the Chinese, causing delays innumerable, and, if common report be true, joining their societies for the benefits to be derived. An instance may be cited to illustrate how the law seems to stand in the way of justice. The girl was a mere child, named Woon T'Sun, in whose interests Miss Culbertson had to go to court more than twenty times, illustrating the unrelenting disposition of the dealers.

About five years ago the wife and four of the children of a Chinaman died, leaving him a daughter about six years of age. The man had borrowed money from Kum Mah, a Chinese woman, who had long been a procuress and proprietor of various dens in Bartlett Alley and other parts of Chinatown. He could not pay his debt, and wanted to go back to China; and so, to settle accounts and get a little needed money, he sold his little girl, body and soul, to Kum Mah, and sailed for the Flowery Kingdom.

Miss Emma Cable was then the house-to-house missionary in Chinatown of the Occidental Board. Like Miss Ida Hull of the Methodist Mission, she went regularly to houses and dens of vice, where she would be admitted; for these secluded Mongolian women dearly love these gentle white sisters,—teaching, bettering, helping and raising Chinese women and children wherever their kind ministrations will be received. At Kum Mah's place, in Bartlett Alley, she found little Woon T'Sun, and for some time taught her with others. Later the little girl suddenly disappeared, and every effort to trace her was fruitless.

Late last fall Miss Culbertson found she was with Kum Mah, her owner, on Dupont Street, and went on errands every day to one of Kum Mah's dens upstairs in the "City of Peking," a new brick building on Waverly Place, where Kum Mah had moved when Bartlett Alley was closed and the dens "suppressed." Detective Cox was notified, and on November 16, 1890, he arrested the girl as she was coming

"The Christian Stairway" Rescued Slaves of the Presbyterian Mission.

out of this place, and took her to the Presbyterian Home. The girl was a minor inhabiting houses of ill-repute, and was being raised to become a regular inmate as soon as her age would permit. Miss Culbertson was soon appointed her guardian, and the bright, little girl at once entered the pure life and training of the Home.

As is always the case, a struggle for the recovery of the valuable piece of property began. Kum Mah, aided and advised by "Little Pete" and some of the most villainous highbinders in Chinatown, secured the professional services of an American attorney, and made application to have May Sing substituted for Miss Culbertson as the girl's guardian. May Sing is a young Chinese woman who was raised by Kum Mah for a life of vice, and who now conducts a house of ill-repute for her.

All little girls bought for illegal purposes in Chinatown are made to work and act as servants unil old enough to be inmates of the dens; and this was Woon T'Sun's course of life. As she is now worth fully one thousand dollars in the market, and would be worth double that sum in five years, it is not surprising that a desperate fight is made to recover her by the woman who bought her, by murderous highbinders and others interested.

The case was kept on the docket for many weeks, and attracted the attention of the entire press of the State. The ladies of the Occidental Board appeared in large numbers in court, and one of their members said: "It has been the custom of lawyers who take up these cases to make the affair so unpleasant that no lady would care to appear in court. This plan will not work now; we are determined to see this matter through and find out whether these little girls can be protected by the courts of California. To drive the ladies out of the court-room, an American lawyer asked Miss Culbertson indecent and insulting questions,—insinuating that they were not fit to have the care of a child, and that they sold children back to slavery for money, and took bribes for letting them go, and other absurd charges. In Victoria there is a Home like ours, and public sentiment against this slavery is so strong that no lawyer, no matter what his standing, will undertake to recover a girl."

As to the fact of Chinese slavery which the testimony in the case of Woon T'Sun and hundreds of other girls proved, this little paragraph from the decision of Judge Reardon in a similar case, where an old hag claimed to be the mother of a rescued girl, adds significant testimony: "In these Chinese cases of maternity claimed, there always lurks a suspicion that the claim is made because, according to Mongolian methods, the child is valuable property. Yet a few years and this infant will, as prices in the slave market rule, be worth from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars; and it might well be that the grief, real or simulated, of the mother has a money basis. '*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*'"

All lovers of justice will be glad to know that, in spite of all the machinations of the highbinders and their American allies in the guise of lawyers, little Woon T'Sun was given to Miss Culbertson's care, and is to-day one of the happiest girls in the Presbyterian Mission.

To the honor of the San Francisco press be it said, their defense of these helpless girls and their motherly rescuers was most manly. Their *exposé* of slavery was fearless. The *Examiner* said editorially: "It is time for people with the instincts of humanity to pay some attention to the proceedings in the courts with reference to the wretched Chinese women bought and sold by their masters, who speculate in their degradation. The Mission Home, presided over by Miss M. Culbertson, has done a noble and arduous work in rescuing these poor women from the hells in which they have been imprisoned. This work has been carried on literally at the point of the revolver

against the unremitting opposition of the murderous highbinders, who have been outlawed in their own country and make assassination and every species of crime their profession in this. The odds are fearful, but one would think in such a contest as this the Mission could at least rely on the support of the laws of its own country.

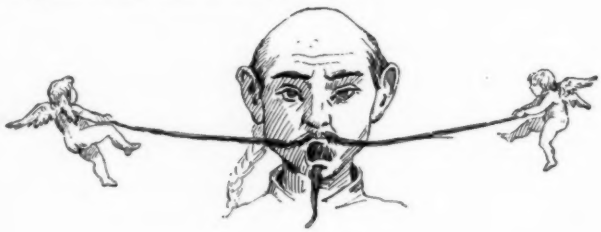
"The first resort of the highbinders, when a victim escapes to the protection of the Mission, is to the American courts. They can always find lawyers who, for a fee, are willing to aid them.

"The highbinder is not content with making a straightforward fight. He attempts to drive from the witness stand the modest Christian women, whose lives are devoted to the work of helping these unfortunate Chinese girls, his plan being to ask them wholly unnecessary, irrelevant and indelicate questions in the coarse language of the slums. He takes a positive delight in his unclean work, and announces his intention of keeping up his infamous war on the Mission until his work is accomplished.

"*The thing must stop.* The laws of California are adequate to protect a band of good women unselfishly working in the cause of humanity and decency; and the public only needs to know what is going on to make its voice heard in a way that will be respected."

All this was foreseen years and years ago by the Chinese merchants, and at the first legislature in the State they sent a petition to the lawmakers to keep out Chinese women of immoral character. At that time there were only a few such in the country, but they were beginning to send to China for ship-loads of slaves for brothels. Then these "heathen" merchants appealed to their "civilized" American brothers begging them to stop the traffic in its incipiency. But the bill was tabled, and the result is, as might have been expected, the traffic has grown to immense proportions. That the traffic exists is well known. Evidences of the horrible treatment of the victims have been published for years; yet no case has ever been brought into court, no buyer or seller sought to be punished; and the traffic and the slavery go on as steadily, obviously and certainly, as in New Orleans before the war.

Who cares? What are we going to do about it? These noble Methodists and Presbyterians will rescue a few in their Missions. Like Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, the noble philanthropist of New York, who has spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in founding Florence Missions in New York, Newark, Sacramento and San Jose, for the rescue of erring white sisters, these grand Christian people are doing the same for the dark-eyed, dark-skinned sisters of Asiatic birth. But with all their rescue work thousands of these poor girls cannot be reached. Active co-operation and hearty assistance should be given by all who have one drop of Christian blood within their veins. These girls revolt at their horrible lives. But what choice have slaves? Let America blot out yellow slavery as it has blotted out black slavery. Let the Chinese woman as well as the African man point to the stars and stripes and say, No man dares do me injustice under this flag.



MEN OF THE DAY.

By Thomas Clavering Travers.

A DISTINGUISHED European scientist who visited California recently said to a resident of San Francisco, "I admire your fine city and the remarkable industrial development going on throughout the State; but what has interested me most is a study of the descendants of the men you call pioneers. According to theory they should be an exceptional race of men; and my observations lead me to believe that this is so to a marked degree."

The true advancement of a State or country depends, to a great extent, upon the people,—the men and women who constitute the workers in all the fields of labor and professional life. New England was settled by hardy Englishmen,—the pick of the race,—men who would not be kept down, and who declared that, if they could not have what they believed were their rights, civil and religious, in the land of their birth, they would search for shores where they could enjoy them. They were, in the main, men of high feeling and strong intellectual powers; and to enable them to carry out the dictates of conscience they possessed those attributes of the highest manhood,—courage and physical perfection.

Filled with enthusiasm, and knowing well the hardships and dangers which were before them, they braved the Atlantic in ships which would be considered unsafe as coasters to-day. Poorly equipped to meet savage races, and, in many instances, ill supplied with provisions, they sailed away on the voyage that immortalized them as the Pilgrim Fathers. For years these men braved a thousand dangers. They were the pioneers in a strange land filled with savage tribes who, in many cases, looked upon them as invaders, to be killed off at the first opportunity. Only the highest type of manhood could prevail under such conditions; and that it existed is shown by the New England men of to-day. Wherever high civilization exists in America, wherever men strong in intellect, foremost in business and professional life, are seen, it will be found that the elements of strength and greatness which have resulted in success can be readily traced back from generation to generation to the sturdy stock that, single-handed, under the banner of equality and justice to all, conquered the New World.

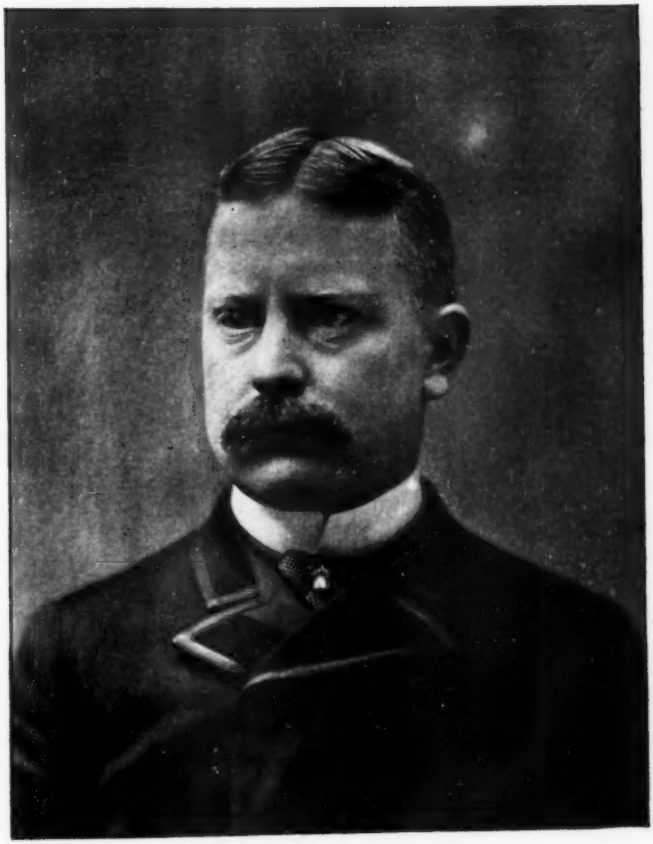
The generations of to-day in New England, and, to a great measure, throughout the United States, owe everything to this infusion of forefather blood that brought courage and physical perfection with it. It crops out in every city in the land; the men of mark in nearly every branch of life boast of it, and proudly refer to their ancestry; and it is one of the dearest heritages of the American of the nineteenth century to be able to say, "My ancestor came over in the *Mayflower*." This ancestor may have been a plain cobbler or a clerk; but the modern descendant knows that he must have been a man in all the term implies to have made the fight under such conditions.

What the people of New England are to the forefathers of American history the rising generation of to-day on the Pacific Slope is to the pioneers; and that they are in a full measure doing credit to their ancestry goes without saying. It is a most interesting question, a subject which will grow in interest as time goes on; and not only will the historian and the ethnologist, but the people at large, watch with interest the work accomplished by the sons and daughters of the men and women who first climbed the Sierras

and looked down upon the fertile valleys of the Golden State. While the forefathers were the gradual conquerors of a continent, the pioneers, undergoing in many cases even greater hardships, were the conquerors of the Pacific Slope. They were men of steel, from whom great deeds are to be expected, and from their descendants in generations to come. The two bodies of men present many similar characteristics. The forefathers were actuated by a desire for religious liberty, personal advancement and absolute freedom. The pioneers were men who needed more room, men of adventurous and manly spirit, men who desired to benefit themselves and the nation by investigating its wonders and resources; and to accomplish these results they underwent in many instances privations and dangers that pen cannot describe. They started overland to conquer unknown lands; single-handed, they marched into the domain of savage tribes, prepared to meet them ten, yes, a thousand, to one. They encompassed unheard-of difficulties, overcame all obstacles, and carried the banner of progress and high civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific, completing the work it might be said the forefathers began at Plymouth Rock. The original development of California was begun by these men. How is it being carried on by their sons? An answer to this lies in the present prosperity of the State. The pioneers have in many instances laid down the burden which has been taken up by their sons. Volumes could be written on the attainments of the rising generation, in every profession, in the arts and sciences. In the city of San Francisco this is particularly noticeable; and the rule is that the sons of the founders of this western empire are well sustaining the reputations for energy and pluck established by their sires.

An interesting feature of the lives of these sons of pioneers is the fact that many have attained unusual prominence early in life; and it is to this class that especial reference will be made. One of the greatest corporations of the world has for its second in command the son of a pioneer who is hardly forty, yet whose strong hand as a power in the line indicated is felt,—not only throughout this country, but wherever the channels of modern business and enterprise flow. I refer to Col. C. F. Crocker, the vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, one of the most powerful institutions of its kind in the world. The history of the elder Crocker is too well known to dwell upon. In brief, it may be said that he was a type of nation builders; and when the history of the heroes of the American nation comes to be written he will occupy a leading position as one of the powers that forged the steel chain that now connects the Atlantic and Pacific. The man was a latent power that but required just the conditions which existed from 1849 on, to develop; and his monument stands on almost every acre in California, while his epitaph is written in the commercial prosperity of the day. From such stock our English scientist might well expect great things, and that the son is worthy of the father is well known. Col. Charles F. Crocker is probably the youngest man holding so important a position in America in connection with any railroad system, and shares the great responsibility with C. P. Huntington, one of the originators of the great system, and the builder of the Central Pacific. Col. Crocker was born in Sacramento in 1854; hence he is but thirty-seven years of age. Reared in the lap of luxury, without any especial incentive for work, intellectual or physical, he has by virtue of his attainments stepped at once into one of the most important and responsible positions in railroad circles in this country or the world.

Many sons with such a life before them would have held back and preferred a life of ease to the responsibilities which already loomed up on the horizon; not so with the subject of this



COL. CHARLES F. CROCKER,

Vice-President Southern Pacific Company.

sketch. From his youth he began the schooling and preparation that fitted him so pre-eminently for the position he fills. To have an intelligent grasp upon the situation was to be especially fitted for it; and the vice-president of the company is master of not only his own department but that of all in the upward ladder, having worked his way up in a manner peculiarly American and peculiarly result producing. One of the first positions he held was that of clerk in the office of the Oakland Division Superintendent, where he stood on equal terms with other clerks, and won his way upward entirely on merit. From the humble clerkship he passed to the general freight office in San Francisco, and so on until he was the claim adjuster of the company, and had a grasp upon the internal workings of the vast machinery of the company that few possessed. Appreciation of his knowledge of affairs came now in his election as third vice-president; and in 1888 he was elected second vice-president of this vast corporation. In the absence of its president he is the virtual head and front of the company,—competent to bear its great responsibilities, and with a future before him without apparent limitation.

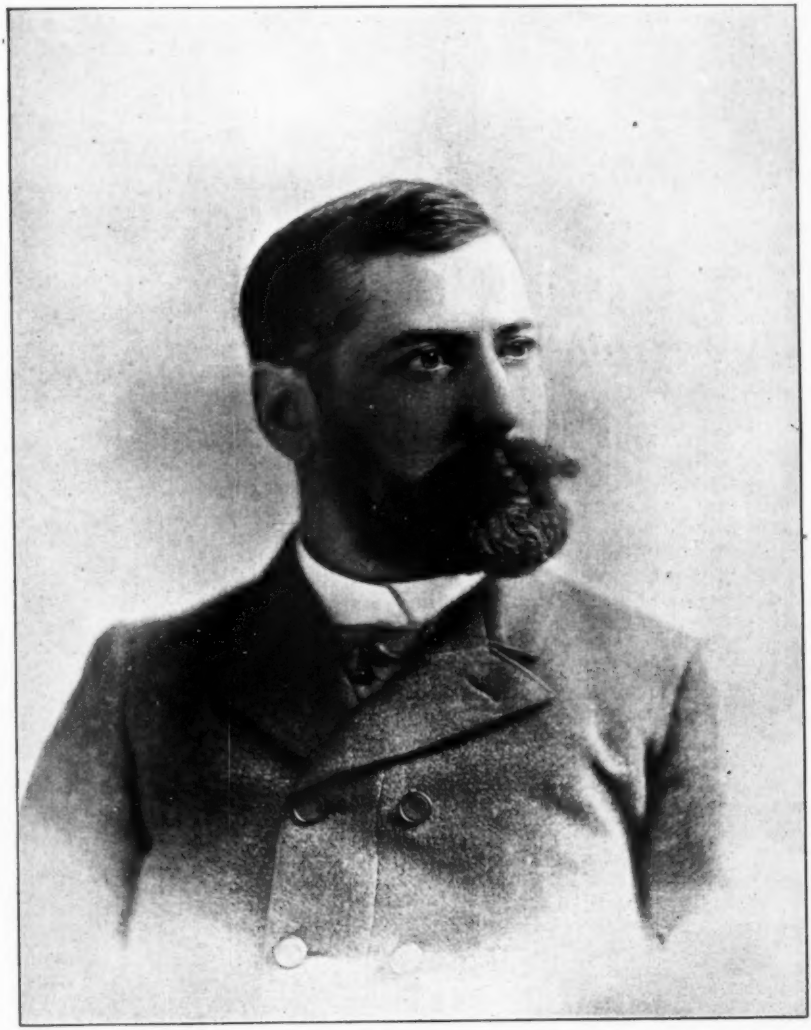
In mercantile life we find another member of this family, the junior member of the publishing house of the H. S. Crocker Co., one of the prominent figures in the commercial world of this State, who has inherited all the vigor and mental strength that characterizes the head of the house.

From the field of the railroad it is but a step to that of the banker and financier; and following out the idea of selecting men, the sons of pioneers who have attained great prominence in their several lines early in life, we may take as a type Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco. To tell the story of such men as Charles Crocker, R. H. McDonald, Mark Hopkins and others is to relate the story of the pioneer days so often told. They and their comrades are well known as the builders of the present commonwealth,—the men who laid the foundation upon which the State has grown to its present proportions. The history of the elder McDonald reads like a romance.

Few families in America have so interesting an ancestry as the McDonalds, the family having been traced back by John O'Hart, the well-known genealogist of Dublin, many centuries to Marcus the son of Aengus Oge, the Scotch lord of the Isles, who married a daughter of Olahan, Lord of Derry, Ireland, whose clan was one of the most powerful and illustrious in the history of the British Isles.

If an ancient name and all the concomitants of a strong personality through generations count for anything, the progeny of this man should be in immediate touch with the present growth and development of the country. This inference is borne out by fact, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., being—while about the age of Col. Crocker (not yet forty)—the vice-president and active spirit of one of the most influential banks on the Pacific Coast, an institution which in the magnitude of its interests takes rank with the great banks of the country. So young a man is rarely found in such a position; and, as in the instance of Col. Crocker, it is not home influence or because he was the son of his father that gave him the position, but rather that he was in every sense of the word his father's son,—inheriting all those sterling qualities that have made the elder man an honored and striking figure in this State. The every-day history of such men as these is not merely of interest because personalities happen to be the fashion; but the facts are valuable to the rising generation, to the young who are to be the men and rulers of to-morrow.

Brought up with every luxury, without the incentive of necessity to earn a living, the young man early in life showed evidence of the mental attainments that later were to be brought



RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.,
Vice-President Pacific Bank

into play in the management of large things. As a youth he showed strong intuition, a desire for knowledge and wisdom beyond his years. To this was added strong convictions as to what was just and right, making a most promising combination in a youth of but a decade. In 1861 the young man was taken East, where his education began during the stormy times of the New York riots. Appreciating the value of an education, and determined to prepare his son for the highest positions he might be called upon to fill, the father sent the young man to Germany, where in 1878 he was a matriculated student at the famous University of Jena, which has turned out so many illustrious men, and where the famous Haeckel held a chair. Continuous residence in France and general European travel filled up the vacation time, and gave the young student an opportunity to indulge in the study of government and diplomatic usage, in which he was particularly interested. He contrasted the different forms of government, the conditions of the people, with those of America; and his notes and letters on these and other questions show a remarkable understanding of political usage and a grasp of great questions phenomenal in one so young.

The European experience was but a beginning of his education,—a broadening introduction, as it were; and from here he entered business life for a year, traveled extensively throughout his own country, finally entering Yale College, from which he graduated with honor as Bachelor of Arts in 1881. After a vacation in Europe he returned, entering the Senior Class of Harvard, graduating with renewed honors and a degree in 1882. Mr. McDonald now entered the Pacific Bank, founded by ex-Governor Burnett, and then under the presidency of his father. He began at the foot of the ladder in a subordinate position, spending his days at the institution in practical incursions into banking, while his nights were employed in studying the theory and practice of modern finance.

So much application did not pass without its reward. The young man rose step by step, leaving his mark in every department of the institution, until he was finally elected vice-president, the second position in the institution; and the growth and development of the bank during his connection shows the wisdom of the choice.

Mr. McDonald has risen to a position that few attain until their hair is well silvered; yet he is not forty, and instead of resting on his oars the work goes on. There is probably not a harder or more conscientious worker in the State. Night and day his energies are devoted to his duty. He is the man at the wheel, and every turn must have a definite meaning upon the course of the financial ship; a man of affairs, in touch with vast interests, with the executive ability to guide them aright; a remarkable judge of men, with an inherent power to command; a man with a future in any direction he might turn,—such is a type of a financier, the son of a pioneer. This is the brief story of a man's life from acquaintances on 'Change. Said a banker: "Mr. McDonald is to our business what General Howard is to the army. Everybody knows the latter is a famous fighter; but he is a philanthropist with strong religious predilections. So with the San Francisco banker: he is a general in finance; but in his hours of ease his mind turns to philanthropic pursuits. Having enjoyed all the benefits of liberal education, he early became interested in the work of aiding young men in their fight single-handed with the world; and to this end he has long labored, in many directions only known to those who have been lifted higher by him. Such is the man and banker,—generous to a fault, possessed of indomitable energy and determination; building up, that he may aid all humanity, and living to make life better, easier and brighter to fellow-travelers less fortunate. Mr. McDonald has large

interests throughout the State, has done much in the great developmental experiments of the day. Offices of public trust have been tendered him from time to time; and while importuned to enter public life, and his advice often sought on important public questions, he continues in the field of his choice. What Mr. McDonald's motto in life is, may not be known; but the following words from the lips of his father, found in his biography and originally included in a letter to his sons, might well have served as his inspiration: "I have tried as best I knew how to lead by example and precept an industrious, honest and Christian life, without ever injuring willfully, in thought or deed, a single fellow-man. In all my eventful career I have fixed my trust on high; and I begin to feel that I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course; I have kept my faith." Noble words, worthy of being transcribed on the memory of every young man.

We have glanced at sons of pioneers in the several fields; and it would be of interest, did space permit in the present paper, to follow them through the various professions, selecting some individual especially prominent as an illustration.

The family of Henry Mayo Newhall would present interesting examples. Here was a vigorous pioneer whose ancestors were among the first to press American soil in search of perfect freedom and religious liberty. The Newhall family is one of the most distinguished in Essex County, New England, of to-day, and exercises a powerful influence in affairs of State. The Newhalls were among the founders of Lynn, Massachusetts. H. M. Newhall, the founder of the California branch of the family, well represented the sturdy pluck that characterized his ancestors, and in coming to California in the early days passed through many experiences similar to those of his forefathers when they landed on the bleak shores of New England in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Newhall early became an important figure in California's advancement. A broad-minded man of high culture, he started many measures that will long be monuments to his memory. He was a typical example of the Californian landowner. Having faith in the soil he became the owner of the fine ranches Piejo and San Miguelito in Monterey County, of the Suey Ranch in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties, and of the famous San Francisco Ranch in Los Angeles and Ventura counties, not to mention other tracts of farming and stock land in various parts of the State. On the latter are the towns of Newhall and Saugus. The sons of this pioneer well represent the father, having inherited all the qualities that made him the man of mark he was.

In their various professions they have become prominent figures; and the vast ranch interests are conducted by men who have not only had the benefit of their father's experience in California farming, but of the highest education and the experience and broadening results of European travel. It would be an interesting experience to many a European farmer of to-day to meet the present owner of this Californian farm upon the ground. He would find that ranching or farming in California did not necessarily confine a man's thoughts to a limited area, but that here was a farm conducted by a farmer of a new type,—a man of high culture: a scholar who could direct his ranch in all its detail, and yet be a man of the highest culture and refinement, suggestive of the truism that agricultural pursuits, at least with the environment that California affords, ennoble instead of having an opposite effect that is by some writers claimed.

In the future, when the history and lives of the sons and grandsons of the Californian pioneers are written, it will be found that the race is a superior one, inheriting all the characteristics which have suggested the present paper.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

By Estelle Thomson.

A CHILD once opened eyes that smiled
Strange things: for always, heard by him,
Were soft, wild sounds none others knew.
Winds stirring down the forests dim
Moved leaves to speech, to his fine ear;
The trees' sap sang; and blades of grass
His whispered questions answered back;
While flowers found tongues where he would pass.

Where others won wide human love,
This youth was shy. Misunderstood,
He moved among his kin, aloof.
They said: "He sees no other good
Than hills and fields and woods can bound."
And he, hurt to the heart, knew not
To heal the breach, and silently
Clung firmer to his native spot.

Clung firmer, as the swift years rolled;
Drew close and closer to his own.
Learned every mood of changing wind,
Each streamlet note, each forest tone.
The insects taught to him their call,
The birds their cry; and sweet
Rang in his ear the stories told
By summer's showers and winter's sleet.

But once there came a day when still,
With folded hands across his breast,
This shy, grave man, Nature's true friend,
Lay hushed into eternal rest.
And one by one, with silent tread,
Neighbors and kindred turned to pay
Their last respect to him who long
In calm reserve had passed their way.

'Twas then, within his fingers' clasp,
They found a packet closely tied;
Its contents touched their hearts who read,
In that gray dawning when he died.
For here, his great true soul laid bare,
Was need of *human pity* shown;
And those who listened spoke through tears,—
"We might have loved him had we known."

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR.

A LADY'S JOURNAL.

(Commenced in January number.)

[The history of the late war has been well described in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres,—one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country. This chapter is illustrated with views of the great prison, the largest stone fort on the western continent.—EDITOR.]

THE Fourth of July of 1860 passed very quietly. Our greatest annoyances now were the delay of the mails and the scarcity of good things to eat. We wearied of canned food, and pined for fresh vegetables that were not. Even green grass to look at was at a premium. Green turtle and fish we had in abundance, and, occasionally, a pig was killed; but we longed for more variety. The fowls were poor from not having the proper food, and coral sand did not answer as a substitute for gravel. We sent to Key West, sixty miles away, for any and all kinds of vegetables that Captain Wilson could find; but he returned with the word that there was nothing in Key West but a few onions, which were quoted at one dollar per small bunch.

We had excellent rainwater to drink, caught during the rainy season in large reservoirs. Ice was an unknown quantity on the Key, and twenty cents a pound in Key West. If we had ordered it, and there had not been a stiff breeze, it would simply have resulted in our providing the boat's crew with ice water, and having the pleasure of paying for it; so we kept our drinking-water in porous jars called monkeys, which hung in the shade, keeping it sufficiently cool. The butter would have been benefited by ice if we could have kept it all the time, but to be frozen one day and dealt out with a spoon the next would, in all probability, have had a bad effect upon it; so we kept it in as cool a place as we could find, and it was a test of the temperature whether a knife or a spoon was placed by the side of the butter dish. It was usually a feast or a famine, and just at that date the latter state seemed to prevail.

The flour grew poor; the weevils shared it with us; we could see them flying in the air near the casemate where a quantity of flour was stored. We grew hungry for even some of the lean things of the land; but we did not lose our spirits or cheerfulness. The first of August a steamer arrived with our own private stores of canned fruits and vegetables from New York, and, better yet, with news of an appropriation for the forts, which meant more comforts in the way of livestock and new life generally.

The mail boat brought us bananas, fresh beans and, best of all, a box of good things from home; and to say that we were excited and happy rather proved that we were previously in much the same state Aunt Eliza complained of when I tried to hurry her,—"stagnated."

During August and September we had a succession of fearful thunderstorms that frightened me more than I cared to admit. They continued for nine days in succession. Even the old fishermen acknowledged them to be unusually severe. The thunder echoed and reverberated through the arches so that it seemed as though the whole fort was going to tumble down about our heads.

The heat was intense, and the mosquitoes distracting. As the *Tortugas* brought no mail, a month without letters was almost as trying as going without food. August found us in low spirits.

Finally the transport arrived, bringing us fresh beef, the first we had seen in four months; and, having some onions and potatoes, we feasted. The great delay was thus explained by Captain Wilson: he had purchased some fresh meat for the fort, and was all ready to sail when a squall came up without warning; and he was obliged to take it back to the butcher's ice-box and wait for the gale to subside. When it had spent itself he made another purchase; but the elements were in a capricious mood, and, fearing a calm would be as disastrous to his cargo as a gale, he again appealed to the butcher, who this time refused to take it back, and it was packed in ice, we reaping the benefit.

Aunt Eliza often spoke of "broiling her brains it was so hot." I now felt that it might almost be possible.

The rainstorms continued up to October, but more gently; yet to the north of us a number of wrecks were reported.

It did not take much to rouse the residents of the island to a state of excitement; and when the *Tortugas* came back one morning, after having started for Key West, with a deserted wreck in tow, a crowd soon assembled.

It was a sad sight. Both masts were gone, and there was a great hole in the side which had been stopped with the bedding. The rudder was gone, but they had made a temporary one, which suggested that the crew had survived the worst of the gale and been taken off, which was the case, as we heard that a vessel from New Orleans, bound for Liverpool, picked them up and landed them in Havana.

There were fifteen on board the hapless craft, some women and children. The vessel was from Trinidad, bound for Cuba, loaded with fruits in glass jars, and wines, which were afterwards sold in Key West. Several dismantled vessels went into Key West that could not make our harbor. One that was spoken was out of water and provisions. They hoped to make Key West, but, as they did not, it was feared the vessel went down. The gales at that season were to be dreaded as there was so little warning; and yet they did not call them hurricanes, which they were to all intents and purposes. Even Aunt Eliza began to tire of the Dry Tortugas.

She was evidently in a "low-down state," as she announced one day that she was "De only one lef' of all her fambly."

Thinking she had heard some bad news, I asked, "Where are your brothers?"

"Oh," she replied, "dey is in Sabanna, but dey might as well be dead; I neber see um 'gin," and she would "not las' long herself. De rheumatiz got above my knees now." Then she would take her pipe and smoke until she was dizzy.

About the middle of October we had our first norther. The mercury fell from eighty-five to seventy-five degrees; and we all took heart as we inhaled the cool air.

Just before the norther a vessel drifted upon the reef off Loggerhead. Had the norther held off a few hours even, she might have been floated, as the wrecking-smacks were trying to lighten her; but there was no hope after that. She was driven up where the sharp coral crushed a hole in her; and the water was soon even outside and in.

There was a rumor that the vessel was allowed to float upon the reef, which would account for the wreckers being so promptly on hand. Such things had been done; but no one felt positive enough to make such an assertion openly.

I was glad to have the hurricane season pass without a genuine one. As an example of the suddenness of the squalls, one day while we were at the dinner-table it grew suddenly dark; we rose, walked through the hall to look at the clouds, and before we could return to the foot of the stairs, half way from the front door, the squall struck the island with such violence that a chair, standing before a long window on the second floor, was blown across the room and hall and half way down the stairs, and the rooms flooded with water, while it grew so dark that we had to light the lamps. No wonder we were glad to have the season for such performances over.

The irregularity of the mail was exasperating, as it was our only connection with the outer world; and to wait three weeks again for a letter or any news from the North made us almost desperate.

The last detention was caused by a disabled steamer at the mouth of the Mississippi River; for our mails came in various ways, there being no regular mail contract for Key West. The railroad was under water up the coast, so the mail was sent to Mobile to reach the New Orleans steamer. The schooner *Tortugas* waited a week for the mail, then started to come down without it, but sighting the steamer returned, even then being becalmed twenty-four hours in sight of Key West.

A rumor now reached us that Captain Woodbury was coming with Captain Meigs* by the next boat, which meant a change in the command.

We watched most anxiously for the boat, spending the afternoon on the ramparts with the glass; but the horizon showed nothing that came out of the regular course to New Orleans until nearly night, when we discovered the black topmasts of what we thought was the *Tortugas;* but it was so calm there was no hope of her reaching us for hours.

We could see the wreck away on the other side of the fort with its fleet of schooners looking like a harbor in the midst of the sea; but the darkness came on with the *Tortugas* scarcely any nearer. At ten o'clock there was no word, and by midnight we gave it up and went to bed, to be awakened by the watchman calling to the clerk of the office that the mail was in. Of course sleep was out of the question until I knew of the arrivals, and how I should manage if the guests had arrived.

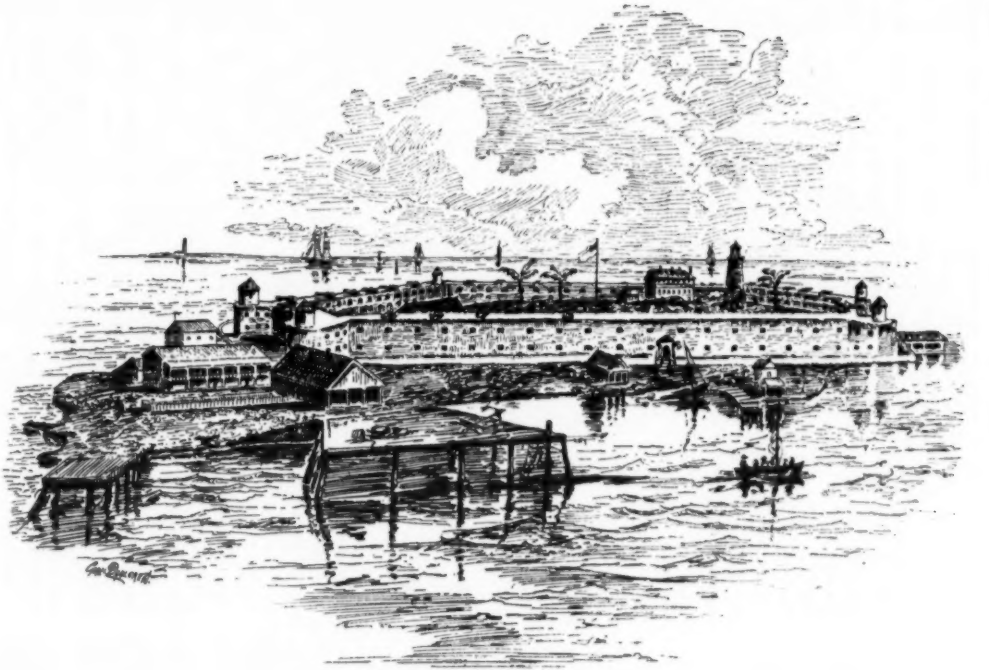
Captain Wilson had been ordered to have the flag at the peak if the strangers were on board, but in the darkness we could not see. After a while one pair of feet only came into our hall; and we soon heard that there was no mail, that Captains Woodbury and Meigs would come on the next boat, also that the mail contract had been given to the *Isabel*, and that hereafter we could look forward to a regularity in the arrivals,—a great relief.

Disturbing political rumors that for the past six weeks had been in the air without giving us any special uneasiness seemed to increase; yet we gave them little thought, considering them as evidences of a strong party feeling, perhaps increased by the nomination and election of Lincoln.

Being surrounded by people of Southern sympathies, we heard little except their side of the question, and the one of appropriation for the forts. The latter was an all-important one to them, as, if it failed, there would be hundreds of slaves without employment,—a serious matter to slave-owners who had to feed and clothe them.

The next boat brought Captain Woodbury, Captain Meigs, his clerk, Dr. Gowland, and Mr. Howells as draughtsman.

* The late Quartermaster-General, General M. C. Meigs.



Fort Jefferson,—Dry Tortugas.

Captain Meigs accompanied him to Key West, returning by the next boat, which also brought a friend and her maid, to make me a long-promised visit, and my husband's brother,—the latter a most delightful surprise. My new cook proved a treasure; and all this made quite a revolution, and for a few weeks I felt that civilization had overtaken us. My guest brought her beds for herself and maid, needing them on the boat; so that they were provided for.

We enjoyed the bustle and commotion of people about us, and the return to some of the conventionalities of life, which so much time spent upon the water had interfered with. To add to the life infused by all this, a man-of-war, the *Mohawk*, Captain Craven,* came into the harbor. The following day I gave a dinner party of twelve covers to Captain Craven and his officers. With a market sixty miles away, one's wits did extra duty. But the dinner was apparently a success, if one could judge by the appearance of the guests; and to us, who had been so long deprived of society, it was a delightful occasion. The next day the gentlemen took the *Tortugas* and went fishing, and the following week was a gay one for all.

Threatening news came by the next boat. Sometimes when we heard Captains Meigs and Craven, who were so recently from the active world, discussing the state of feeling in the South, it made us a little apprehensive, but that soon passed away. The idea of a civil war seemed impossible.

A few weeks later it became so desolate at Tortugas that I accepted an invitation to visit Key West.

The climate here was perfection at that season of the year, with much less wind than we had at Tortugas; and it was a delight to go about the streets, into real stores, and to visit people after our seclusion for so many months.

During my visit Captain Craven arrived with two slave ships, captured off Havana, that had just started for Africa.

The following day came the election for candidates to attend the Secession Convention held in Tallahassee. The secessionists were victorious, and announced boldly that they would take Fort Taylor at Key West.

Rumor also said there was no money in the State treasury; that the Governor had taken it to send North for ammunition.

A rather decided secessionist told Captain Brannon, who was in command of the fort, that they would starve them out. His reply was that he could drop a ball into his house that would bring out all the provisions they wanted.

I wondered at the good feeling where so much spirit was displayed, and tried not to be drawn into any discussion, as I could not believe there would be anything more than a war of words.

The day before Christmas Mr. Philor placed his carriage at our service, and we drove to some gardens where all the trees and shrubs were new to us, a perfect tangle of tropical growth, even to a Banyan tree. Then we drove to the fort, which was the end of the drive in that direction, and to the barracoons where the slaves were kept until they could be sent to Africa. Those here were taken by the U. S. S. *Powhatan* some months before. It was a sorrowful sight, and brought home the horrors of slavery more intensely than anything I had ever seen before.

Christmas was more like a Northern fourth of July in temperature and noise. We attended service in the morning, met numbers of our friends, and spent a most delightful day; and at night some of the officers of the *Mohawk* gave us a serenade that made a delightful ending to the holiday.

Captain Meigs stopped on his return from a trip to Havana, bringing the news of the secession of South

* Captain Craven later went down with the *Tecumseh* at Mobile Bay.

Carolina, Captain Hunt joining him to talk over the outlook. It began to look cloudy at least; yet no one thought there would be civil war.

The next Sunday a proclamation from the President was read in church "of a day for fasting and prayer" on account of national trouble and the prospect of a civil war.

The few remaining days of our visit were spent in returning the calls of the many pleasant people who had entertained us. There were so many delightful people and homes it was sad to think what might result from the feeling that would show itself in spite of all courtesy.

Captain Meigs and my husband talked of a trip to Tampa, after which we were to return to Tortugas, as we had already remained away longer than we intended.

On January 1, 1861, a rumor came that Mordaci, the owner of the *Isabel*, had offered her to Carolina for a man-of-war, our mail contract going with her.

There was a cloud on the horizon that looked larger than a man's hand, and it affected our spirits. People began to be suspicious of their neighbors. Those who claimed to be Northern sympathizers owned their servants. There were many Southerners in Key West; but a goodly number were originally from the North, who, dwelling many years in that climate, and owning simply their house servants, were doubtful whether, if Florida seceded, they ought not stand by the State of their adoption. The Northern residents who did not own slaves were true Unionists from the first. The slave seemed to be the turning point. The Conchs, as the people from Bahama were called, were boisterous in their demonstrations of loyalty to the South; but, at the first suggestion of their doing duty in case of necessity, they packed their goods and sailed for the British Isles.

One morning the first news that greeted the gentlemen on the street was that the militia of the town had attempted to take Fort Taylor during the night. A futile effort, however, as Captain Brannon had sent the two companies of regulars from the barracks the night before after dark, leaving the harmless gun carriages covered, so that no one suspected the removal of the guns. Captain Hunt had turned the workmen into soldiers, and they had been employed all the previous day in taking the wharf away and every available means of entrance; so that an unexpected bath would have been the result of the attempt to gain entrance over the planks innocently leading to the open spaces.

A great state of excitement now prevailed. Letters that were sent to Washington were opened and destroyed; and our own from the North were delayed purposely, and sometimes not forwarded from Charleston, so that we began sending our mails north *via* Havana.

I was beginning to weary of the very name of secession; for there was little else discussed, and it made us gloomy if we allowed ourselves to dwell upon the outlook, although no one yet admitted that there was to be a war.

Affairs began to assume such a serious aspect that Captains Meigs, Hunt and Brannon held a council on board the *Mohawk*, resulting in our leaving for Tortugas the next day. Captain Maffitt met with the officers, but he resigned the next morning, leaving his ship there; he afterwards commanded the Confederate privateer *Florida*.

There were joking remarks made by our friends that if we found the fort in possession of the secessionists we could return,—not in the least cheering to us, although we treated them with as much levity as they did; but I think when we were near enough to our little island home to discern with a glass that the flag that floated over it was the stars and stripes it was a greater relief than, perhaps, any of us wanted to acknowledge.

Our defenseless situation was almost an invitation to the enemy to capture

us; and why they did not was rather a mystery. The *Wyandotté*, we heard, was on the way to take possession of both forts, and could have taken Fort Jefferson simply by steaming in and claiming it; for there was not a gun on the island.

Active work began on our return. A drawbridge was made and raised every night, all communication with the outside being cut off.

The evening of the seventeenth of January Captain Meigs called, and I remember his reading Shakespeare aloud, and discussing some of the historical plays with my husband. They were both students of Shakespeare. In the midst of it Mr. Howells came in saying that the sheriff had arrived from Key West to arrest the fishermen, and they had sent for Captain Meigs to intercede for them.

The facts of the case were that the State of Florida had made a new law that none of the fishermen could obtain a clearance to go to Havana without paying a fine or license of two or three hundred dollars. Of course they could not pay it; and the object was to drive them home. They were mostly from Connecticut; and there were then fourteen smacks in the harbor. They came down every winter to fish, taking their catch to the Havana market.

Captain Meigs sent word to them not to pay it, and to the sheriff that he was Governor of that island, and he had better return to Key West. Then he sent Mr. Howells off privately that night to Key West for guns. He felt it was time to take the responsibility, even if he was censured for it.

I asked if he apprehended any danger. He looked at me as though he were thinking whether it were best to alarm me, and said: "No, Madam, but I want to be prepared in case of emergency. If we had a few guns we should not be molested. Guns are not so much to use as to keep people away."

He was the man for an emergency; and I think General Scott, instead of censuring him, praised his prompt action fully.

The following morning, January 18, 1861, our excitement culminated in the news that a man-of-war was in sight, and steaming up the harbor.

Sally-port and Drawbridge of Fort Jefferson.

Every one was wild with excitement, running to the bastion with glasses to see what flag she floated; yet even that might have been a deception if it proved to be the red, white and blue. But she carried no flag, a fact we considered suspicious.

Captain Meigs sent Dr. Gowland to meet them as they stopped outside the reef, sending a boat ashore in a spot known to us as very dangerous, unless the navigators knew the channel exactly. It was a narrow opening in the reef, called the "five-foot channel," and only used by our small sail-boats. Dr. Gowland carried orders, that if they were enemies they could not land. A verbal resistance was the only one he could offer; but as soon as the two boats met a signal was given to those on board the steamer, and the stars and stripes flew to the masthead. The feelings of those who were watching from the fort can be better imagined than described; and none of us realized the tension we had been under until this relief came.

It proved to be the steamer *Joseph Whitney*, with Major Arnold in command, from Fort Independence, at Boston, with troops for our relief.

The reception they received must have left no doubts in their minds regarding their welcome. We were more than overjoyed; and the commotion and excitement of unloading the steamer, for she was to return immediately, as her expense to the Government was six hundred dollars a day, was something that tested the ability of every one. It did not take long to put us in a state of defense and everything in military order. We were now aroused at sunrise by the reveille. A sentinel walked in front of the guard-house, at the drawbridge, and one was posted in the lighthouse tower.

Already our quiet life was a thing of the past. The large guns came from Key West, were soon mounted, and we began to feel as though we were on a war footing. Yet with all this Major Arnold did not think there would be war, and we surely hoped not. The New Orleans boat was taken off, and our only method of sending and receiving mail was through Havana, where the schooner *Tortugas* was sent for it.

The papers now received were old, but did duty all over the garrison. The officers would meet and discuss the prospects; but even the firing on the *Star of the West* in Charleston harbor did not convince Major Arnold that we would have war.

I presume we heard strange rumors that never made an impression at the North, they were so quickly followed by others of greater importance. The news from Pensacola was warlike. Two thousand men surrounded the fort; and the commanding officer's wife going into town to do some shopping was taken as a spy and detained as a prisoner. It was said that the Senator from Florida, before he resigned, examined the plans of Fort Jefferson and Fort Taylor in Key West. Captain Meigs thought if he came there then he would find something not in his copy.

When Florida seceded she reappointed all the old Government officers; and my husband was told that under the new law he was a member of the Engineer Corps.

Those were very exciting times to us, not that we expected to be attacked, but we were within the line of attraction. We heard that the officers in Washington had concluded to send their families out of the city. Captain Meigs advised his family to go to Philadelphia. How strange it seemed to think of such things in our own country.

At this time two large ships-of-war came in bringing guns and news of more troops on the way. One of the ships came from Portsmouth, N. H., where it was thirteen degrees below zero. Major Arnold said that he expected to find us in the hands of the secessionists. General Scott gave him orders that if the fort had been taken to retake it if possible; if he failed, to cruise around Fort Jefferson for sixty

days, with the understanding that he was to be reinforced by a war steamer from Pensacola. January 22d the *Mohawk* came back to ply between Key West, Havana and Tortugas regularly. All the able-bodied men had been put upon the roll, and guns and ammunition dealt out to them. At that time there were in the harbor two steamers of war, one side-wheel steamer, a revenue cutter, two barges and some dozen sloops and schooners. We were no longer out of the world; yet the steamer *Magnolia* from New Orleans stopped and left a month's collection of mail.

The last of February brought news of the secession of six of the Southern States, and that a Southern confederacy had been formed at Montgomery, Ala., with Jefferson Davis as President. On March fifth Lieut. Gillman arrived with Major Tower of the Engineers, having arrived in Havana from New York just in time to come over in the *Tortugas*. Lieut. Gillman belonged to Lieut. Slemmer's command at Fort Pickens. He was granted permission to go through the invested district, but preferred going that way and landing under the protection of the stars and stripes.

The two coast survey schooners were there at the same time with Lieut. Tirrell and three assistants on their way to New York. They were at Charleston Harbor, but their tents and instruments had been stolen, and they concluded to go to Havana, sending their schooners home; but we kept one of them, as the *Tortugas* had to take Lieut. Gillman to Pickens with dispatches from General Scott to Lieut. Slemmer.

Soon after this we had a great disappointment in the order that came for Captain Meigs to return to Washington. We could not help rejoicing on his account, yet felt that half the life of the place would go with him.

Captain Hunt came down from Key West to take charge until relieved; but fortunately for him the New Orleans boat came near enough that night to quietly send a boat ashore with Lieut. Reese, who had unceremoniously been put out of Fort Gaines at Mobile, without even having time to remove his personal property. He came to assist Lieut. Morton, whom we expected to fill the place vacated by Captain Meigs.

Lieut. Reese said that he was looked upon with great suspicion on board the steamer, as he was taken out to it in a small boat ostensibly as a passenger for Havana; but he told his story to the captain, who made an excuse to stop for fuel, and so landed him, as much to his own surprise as ours.

He of course had news from the Southern posts to give us in exchange for much that we could give him, for he had been entirely alone. All the workmen left him; but he could not leave the fort until he had orders to do so from Washington or it was taken from him, the latter not a difficult thing to do. He was very glad to get among friends, and was a pleasant acquisition to our now constantly changing society.

One day a little smack came into the harbor flying the Palmetto flag, the first we had seen. Major Arnold sent word for him to haul it down, and put up the proper colors and salute them. He was promptly obeyed, and they came and apologized.

The steamer *Daniel Webster* now arrived with provisions and recruits, but took the latter with her, as she was going to Texas to meet the five companies that were leaving the dust of that State behind them, as it had seceded and General Twiggs had been dismissed from the army.

Work was going on rapidly. The engineer had a large force at work on the bastions, where they were to mount six heavy guns. Everything was bustle, and a great deal was accomplished in a very short time. Reports from Key West were very unpleasant. Officers of the army were followed about the streets and insulted. Some of the mob were annoying peaceable

citizens, threatening to take our schooner and Fort Taylor. One copy only of Lincoln's inaugural address came to Key West. It was kept quite a week before it reached us at Tortugas; and people there thought they could smell gunpowder in it.

I think, for its size, Fort Jefferson was one of the busiest places on the continent at this time; and the excitement was kept at fever heat, either by some stray rumor from the many vessels coming in, or the detention of the mail and a dearth of reliable news, making us apprehensive of imaginary evil.

The horizon was watched, not only by the sentinels, but by every one. I remember, one day, before the troops came, that Captain Meigs discovered smoke away to the southwest, as of several steamers moving in a very suspicious manner to us, who were so on the alert and were almost expecting invaders.

We all went to the ramparts and with glasses watched them, making out distinctly ten or twelve large vessels steaming about with concerted movements; and we could hear heavy firing. But they came no nearer; and, after watching a long time, we came to the conclusion that it was the Spanish fleet of war practicing, which we found to be the case some days afterwards, from a fishing-boat which had been near them.

The last of March, 1861, the steamer *Daniel Webster* returned, landing one company, reporting the *Rush* just behind with the other. The *Webster* came early in the morning; and just before dark the *Rush* arrived, with a band playing patriotic airs, the troops cheering lustily.

It was a motley crowd,—camp women, children, and all the paraphernalia of camp life. A portion of them had marched from Forts Duncan and Brown some four hundred miles down the Rio Grande to Brazos, where they took the steamer.

On the way the rear of the battalion had an engagement with the Indians, during which several of the latter were killed. The Indians had commenced hostilities as soon as the troops were ordered to leave the State.

The officers had sent their families home by way of New Orleans, as they did not know how long they would remain or what kind of a place they were coming to.

There was discontent and disaffection among them; and two of the officers before many days sent in their resignations, as the State they came from had gone out of the Union.

We numbered at that time about four hundred, and represented a busy little town. The fort at night was brilliant with lights, and the place was active with the bustle of many people.

All this commotion brought comforts in the way of food to us who had only seen fresh beef and vegetables semi-occasionally; for a steamer was chartered to bring us six cattle at stated times, with other necessaries.

The *Tortugas* returned from Fort Pickens with no news except that Major Tower of the Engineers was not allowed to land, having to remain on the *Brooklyn*.

Lieut. Morton and his two assistants arrived, proving a most energetic and efficient officer, one whom we liked exceedingly. He had just returned from making a survey for a route across the Isthmus of Panama. Naturally, none of the officers fancied being sent here; it was like imprisonment when there was so much excitement in the North, but they all did their duty conscientiously.

On April fourth a loud call from the sentinel on the lighthouse tower announced a steamer; and as usual we took the glasses to the ramparts, where could plainly be seen a vessel loaded with people; and on the wheel-house we distinguished officers. We felt that there were as many people on the island as could be accommodated, and wondered what it could mean. As the steamer neared the wharf, to our great surprise we recognized Captain Meigs. The other officers proved to

be Col. Brown and staff, and they had come under sealed orders. When Captain Meigs called to see us, I asked him what it all meant.

He laughed, and replied: "That is a secret. No one but Col. Brown and myself know; but what we are here for is to get some light guns, Lieut. Reese, an overseer, twenty negroes, thirty men, a scow and a load of bricks; and we can only stop two hours and a half."

They brought papers only a week old, but new to us. They had on board four hundred men besides the officers and crew, and sixty horses.

Lieut. Reese had that morning arrived from Havana with an assistant of Captain Hunt. He joined the excited party; and before dark they were steaming out of the harbor, with the schooner, scow and a load of bricks in tow.

(To be continued.)

I AM ALONE: A RONDEAU.

By Amy Elizabeth Leigh.

I AM alone from dawn till close of day.
I read my books and sing, perchance, or play
Some memory-burdened air I used to know;
Or, heedless how the stealthy shadows grow,
I pace my room and weave my little rhymes.
My friends are great soul's thoughts. When vesper chimes,
Silent I sit, while eager fancy climbs
Ideal heights;—not lonely then, although
I am alone.

Naught have I known of care that leads to crimes;
I watch the wearied ones whom toil begrimes,
As, dragging heavy feet, they homeward go,
And thank my God I need not labor so;
And yet—I envy them their need sometimes—
I am alone!

THE MADAME: A STORY.

By Paul Vernet.

A FRAIL bit of a woman clad in a black gown of no particular fashion stood in the doorway of an unpainted redwood shanty, and gazed in wide-eyed abstraction out over the landscape. Directly around the house was an acre of gorgeous bloom, its limits defined by an unpainted, high lath fence. Beyond stretched a wide extent of undulating sand-dunes, diversified here and there by ragged patches of the low-spreading bluish-green foliage of the lupin. The lupin was aglow with its stiff spikes of yellow, odorous bloom. Bunch grass grew cheek by jowl with the lupins, and dark-blue gilias thrust their heads up between, with all the pride and arrogance of unconscious smallness.

The Madame was quixotic according to the world's erratic standards. She lived entirely alone, and had no neighbors within calling distance. She was known only as "The Madame," respected, beloved, pitied, but never sought for social purposes. She seldom left the small inclosure where her flowers seemed to vie with each other to put forth the best blooms and repay her for her loving care. Once a day the boy from a dairy ranch just over the brow of the hill brought her a quart of milk, and once a month he brought her a sack of flour and any other supplies she needed. Once a year her lawyer came in a carriage and passed a day with her, going over the accounts of the year, for she was a woman of considerable property.

A winding road threaded its way among the hills to the westward, and led to the ocean. Through a gap between two smooth, yellowish promontories the water could be seen; and towards this gap the Madame's dark eyes were ever turned. Once the milk-boy, chancing upon her unnoticed, asked her if she looked for somebody's coming. With a slight start she turned the great, melancholy eyes upon him, and replied, "Yes, the Angel of Death."

The boy was not sentimental, but something in her voice made the quick tears leap to his eyes; and he furtively passed the loose sleeve of his blouse across his face as he trudged back home across the dunes.

As the Madame stood in the doorway one day, her eye was arrested by the sight of a man wearily toiling along the road that came from the sea: not an unusual sight; but those who cared enough for the sea to visit it on foot generally walked briskly and seemed to be full of life and spirit. As this man approached he left the road and came near the house. At intervals he halted, removed his hat, allowed the rough winds to play through his white hair, and once he sighed heavily. He seemed absorbed in thought. Once he stooped and plucked a white yarrow bloom, smelled it, and cast it aside again with a shudder. As he replaced his hat and toiled on, the Madame said to herself, "That man has a breaking heart;" and she felt a kinship for him. She had lived alone so long and had watched so closely the varying phases of her little world, that the veriest trifles of existence were pregnant with meaning for her.

The wanderer came nearer; once more he bared his brow and hungrily gazed out towards the sea, with eyes that saw not.

"He, too, watches for some one's coming," said the Madame; then, as the man turned his face a little more to one side, and she saw again the familiar features for which she had watched and waited day by day and year by year, her senses reeled, she

leaned heavily against the door-sash, and all consciousness left her. "Alas! how easily things go wrong!"

When the Madame's mind cleared, day had deepened into night, the raw fog poured through the open door, and the rough gale screamed around the house corners. She struggled to her feet, and creeping to the table lighted a candle. It was midnight. She shuddered. Then she kindled a fire in the stove and made herself a cup of hot, strong tea. This with a crust restored her somewhat. The rest of the night she passed in silent, half-benumbed prayer. Her voice failed in her throat; her despair seemed to paralyze both thought and speech.

* * * * *

After that, the successive days of another year dragged by. It was June once more. The gorgeous lupins bloomed. The low gray sand plants gave out their salt-sea perfumes, the bunch grasses tossed and swayed, and surging surf rumbled and roared and fainted away in the distance. Fogs crept over the land so silently as to be uncanny. The summer winds screeched and whistled in a fury of desolate mourning. A few other shanties now dotted the sand-dunes. Once or twice some men from a house a mile nearer the beach had brought a heavy burden to the Madame's door,—the chilled body of a reckless swimmer who had not allowed for the strong turn of the tide where the outgoing waters of the bay and the inrushing waters of the ocean met in mighty conflict.

It was a June afternoon. The Madame stood, as before, in her doorway. Presently the forms of two men crossed her line of vision. They walked in step, with a peculiar gait, and thrown across their broad shoulders was a stiffened burden. A terrible oppression seemed to settle down upon her as they silently entered her shanty, and deposited the body on the bed. A damp coat was laid across the face.

"Is there still life?" asked the Madame, approaching the bed.

"We don't know, Mum, but we knew if there was sorra a bit you'd find it," said one of the men. The other man spoke up saying:

"We rolled him half an hour down to our place and pumped him dry. Bill an' me 'll go in an' fetch a doctor now, if you aint afraid to stay alone for a bit."

The Madame nodded her head with assurance, and the two men shuffled out. When they were gone the Madame drew the damp coat from the man's face, and bent her eyes upon his pinched blue features. She neither cried nor fainted. Instead, her face became transfigured with a light not of this earth.

"At last!" she murmurred exultantly. "The Angel of Death has given me back my own. My beloved Sea has been more to me than has the World! The sea has plead with the Angel."

Into the beloved mouth she breathed the warm breath of her life; she chafed the stilled pulses until she could almost hear them beat. In an hour the doctor came, bringing with him an electric battery. Breathlessly the Madame awaited the first pulse-beat. Before her strained ear had caught it she had seen the closed eyelids quiver and lift; and the light of vague consciousness played in the eyes.

"At last!" whispered the Madame, bending down and drinking in the look. "Do you know me?"

"Toinette!" whispered the man, with a labored effort.

"Hush!" said the Madame quietly and serenely.

Hours passed.

The dazed eyes now wandered about the strange room. It was not one he had ever seen. Had he been dreaming? The despair of the thought made him spring to a sitting posture and moan for Toinette. The two rescuers withdrew. The doctor turned away his face. Toinette held her love in her arms and was saying hurriedly:

"I saw you a year ago. You were walking across the hills. I fainted

before I could call. Were you looking for me? Was the last barrier gone that held us apart?"

"O my darling!" sighed the man. "How I searched for you; and to think you were so near! Toinette, you will never leave me now? I felt so strange. The water wooed me. I could not find you. The water drew me down, down, down; I forgot to use my arms to swim. Where are you, Toinette? Where are you going? Come back—to my arms—my arms."

Alas! Toinette had not moved except to press him closer. His spirit was leaving this earth. It was more than the Madame could bear. The slender thread of existence had been stretched too taut,—and it snapped.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

By L. Gertrude Waterhouse.

O LITTLE brook among the mountain trees,
Flow onward to the pleasant vale below.
The weary stretch of miles, the breath of seas,
Thy dancing step and dimpling face must know.
I, wandering on the ocean shore,
Sometimes look back to thee in longing dream,
And seem to see thy woodland path once more
And hear thy voice, O murmuring mountain stream.

I close my eyes, a happy child again;
I linger in the sunlight by thy side,
And roam in glee through vale and shaded glen
From break of day till rosy eventide.
I know each quiet trout-sequestered pool,
And where forget-me-nots and lichens grow;
I find the moss and fern in covert cool,
Close down beside thy waters' crystal flow.

I raise again my merry childish eyes
To view the bending tree tops, green and tall,
Beneath the canopy of smiling skies
Which arch their sunny azure over all.
My heart is heavy: through the mist of years
I seem to see the mountain home once more,
And, still undimmed by weariness or tears,
The old beloved faces at the door.

I listen for the tender twilight call;—
O little brook, flow onward in thy way;
The voices have been silenced one and all,
And I, grown lonely, wandered far away.
Still, streamlet of the rugged mountain wild,
Somewhere as then thy coolness springs for me.
Thy banks were once trod by a happy child;
And I shall hear thy echo in the sea.

SOME AMERICAN RUINS.

By Henry T. Mason.

IT has long been the boast of Europe that it is the land of the ruin. The old abbeys of England, the ancient walls and floorings of the Roman occupation, the castles of England and the Rhine,—these have been held up and shaken at the American public as possessions in which the New World was lamentably deficient and consequently lacking in interest. It is confessed by some tourists that our Niagara, the Yellowstone Park, the Garden of the Gods, the Yosemite and several other localities are of especial interest; but in the matter of ruins,—a shrug of the shoulder is given when the subject is mentioned. It is true that Americans have no ancestral castles, that their cathedrals are frightfully modern; yet when actual ruins are in question America is by no means so far behind. There are those who have not delved deeply into archæological pursuits, who believe that America is one of the most ancient possessions of man, and that if the mysterious past and romantic history of New Mexico, Arizona and old Mexico were revealed, America would stand out, so far as man is concerned, as one of the most interesting regions on the globe. What castle on the Rhine, picturesque though it may be, possesses the interest of some of the famous ruins of New Mexico? When the German castles were in their prime, when the Roman conquerors were establishing their homes and mosaic floorings on the British Islands, the ruins of America stood as they stand now,—deserted, alone, the monuments of a lost race. Coyotes howled about the sun-dried walls, and the owls hooted their mournful dirge,—the only sounds that echoed in the deep cañons. Wandering tribes glanced at them askance centuries ago, not even tradition suggesting their history or age.

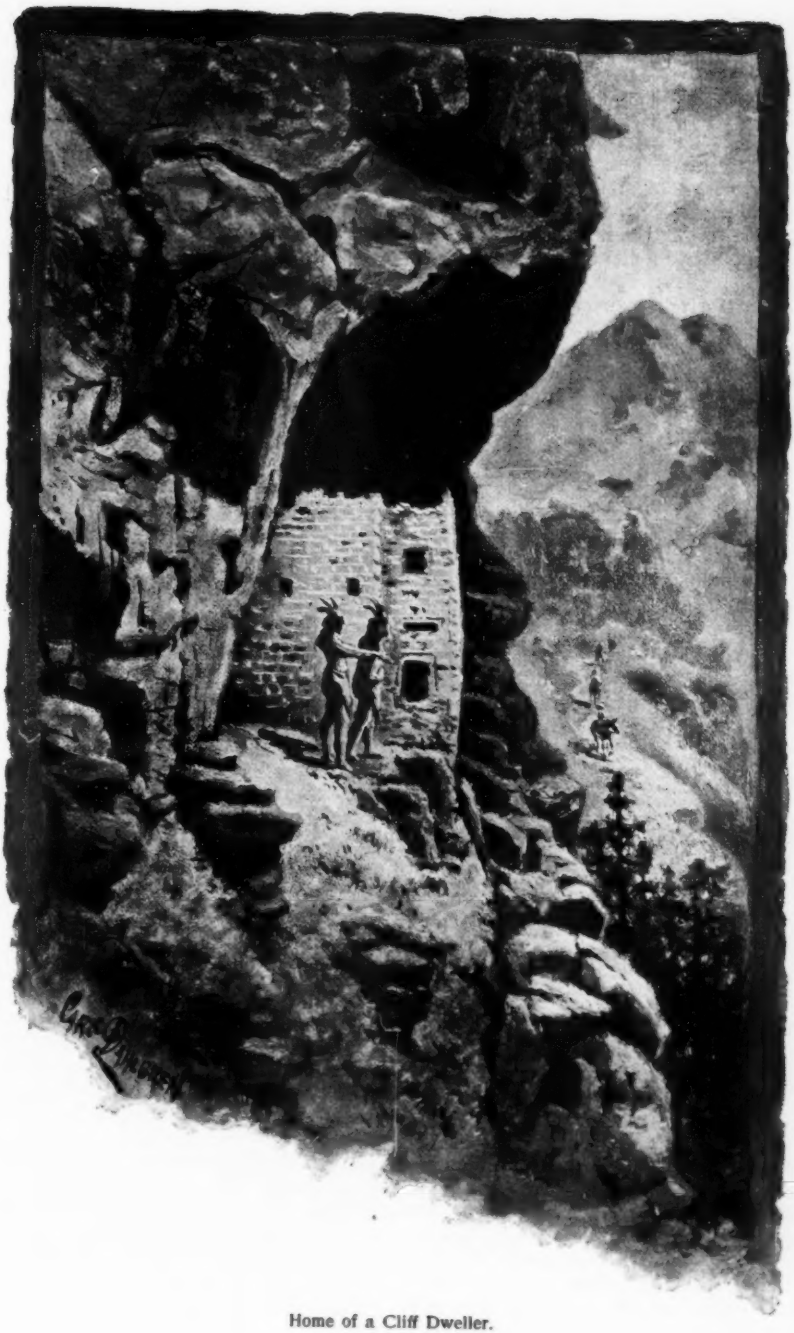
The region of New Mexico and along the Colorado and Utah border is of exceptional interest. The very air has an aroma of romance. I once stood in the vicinity of some of these ancient habitations and felt the full force of the surroundings. I was alone; all about rose strangely shaped buttes,—some with flat tops, others resembling castles with great arches and colonnades, figures of the wind, shaped by the breath of nature.

It required but little imagination to see the towers and minarets of cities in the distance, and ruins all about. It was late in the evening; the sun was sinking over the desert. From the full blaze of sunshine the cliffs and buttes began to take on a tint of pink; more intense it grew, illumining the tops of the crags and lofty peaks with ineffable glory, while below deep purple shadows stole in like living things. Brighter grew the light, deeper the shadows and higher, until finally only the very loftiest crags of this mimic ruin were encompassed in the golden radiance, to be lost in the deepening shadows that slowly gave place to purples of all shades, finally to disappear in the deep gloom of the night. I should not have been surprised to have seen a body of American antedeluvians, men of the stone age perhaps, creep out of the gloomy caverns; but the only sound that broke the stillness was the breathing of my horse and the distant cry of a coyote. Then the moon arose bringing fresh beauties. The strange shapes were bathed in a silvery radiance, and seemed tipped and frosted, bringing out the weird forms in high relief, and casting deep shadows that seemed the veritable ghosts of the ancient owners of the soil stalking abroad or standing guard on their ancient possessions. Near here a cañon, deep and

precipitous, led away upward; and in it were some of the most interesting ruins the world has ever seen;—interesting because of the air of romance that clings about them; because they are monuments of a lost race, the actual pioneers in what may not inaptly be termed American primitive civilization. The richest localities in ruins are found in the tributaries of the Rio San Juan, which reaches the Rio Colorado, in Utah, after passing through a cañon nearly a mile in depth, one of the most remarkable regions in the country,—a deep cutting, winding sinuously away, telling a wondrous story of the power of water and the duration of time.

In this cañon, the Rio Chaco, the Rio de Chelle, and that of the Rio Colorado, are the monuments of this ancient people. Some are upon the ground, like the houses of the modern pueblos; others are perched like the nests of birds, high up the face of the cliff,—eyries almost inaccessible, six hundred feet in some places from the ground. Like the birds of the air, these people seem to have sought the most secluded and out-of-the-way locations for their homes, suggestive of the belief that the races of the time were warlike, and preyed one upon another. In riding up these often dry cañons the eye of the traveler notices some little prominence, and by using the glass it develops into the angular form of a habitation,—a human dwelling perched high up the face of the cliff, and resting on a mere interstice worn out by wind and weather. That human beings could live on such a shelf would seem impossible; but investigation shows that hundreds of these dwellings are still extant, tucked away in the nooks and corners of the deep cañons.

A typical cliff dwelling is shown in the frontispiece, which illustrates a grand ruin in the famous Cañon de Chelle. The cliff house was first discovered by General J. H. Simpson in 1849. It stands on the face of a cliff, eight hundred feet high, about eight miles from the mouth of the cañon. As the cliff is approached ruins are noticed upon the ground, the houses having been built upon or near what was evidently a stream of water. The ruins stand upon the north side of the cañon, the front being one hundred and forty-five feet, the depth about forty-five. Back of these, and fifty feet above, is the cliff house, built in a deep crevice in the rock, which rises eight hundred feet above it. The general design of the structure is that of the various pueblos to be seen on the Chaco. The method of building was the same, the material being blocks of small, thin sandstone, which are set into the soft mud or mortar to give stability to the wall. The walls as they stand to-day are about eighteen feet high. The rooms are small and dark, the windows being about twelve inches square. As the cliff dwelling is fifty feet above the surface, it is a question how the former inhabitants reached it, as no evidence of a pathway is seen. Ladders were undoubtedly used. The house upon the lower level was the ordinary dwelling; the upper house was used as a retreat in time of danger, ladders being used for the purpose. When a marauding horde approached we can imagine the women and children retreating to the strange eyrie, climbing up the rude ladders, while the warriors defended the homes as long as possible, then, if defeated, retreating and hauling the ladders after them. This cliff house has become celebrated, and is known as the Casa Blanca or White House. This is but one of many such edifices in New Mexico: some are inaccessible at the present day; others are reached by narrow, winding walks cut in the face of the cliff, showing still the wear of hundreds of passing feet; some are high in the air, almost invisible to the naked eye from the lowland, while others stand boldly out. There is an air of romance about these old dwellings. How many centuries ago were they the centers of life, the scenes



Home of a Cliff Dweller.

of inter-tribal warfare. The Navajos, who now live in peace in the vicinity, do not claim them as ancestral abodes. They have no traditions to point to the people who have passed away as their forefathers; and the traveler can but draw his own conclusions that these people were the ancestors of some of the races now inhabiting the Western country, and that they were a people of more than ordinary intelligence.

The first discoverer of the ruins of New Mexico was Cabeza de Vaca,

Earthen Vessel Excavated in a Cliff Dwelling.

who in 1536 traveled from Florida west to the Californian Gulf and on up through what is now New Mexico. The statements or records of the adventurer and his followers, while not remarkable for authenticity, are interesting from the fact that they show that the country was well populated at the time, and that some of the old pueblo ruins of to-day were then occupied. That the Spaniards overestimated the population is evident; thus Castenado gave the town or pueblo of Acoma* as having five thousand inhabitants. To-day it boasts of eight hundred.

Among the interesting ruins on the plains of New Mexico are those found on the banks of the Rio Grande, Rio Gila, Rio San Francisco, Rio Blanco, Rio Bonita and others. In the old provinces of *Hubates* and *Tanos*, which included the Zandia and Placer mountains, are many striking ruins; among which of peculiar interest are those of Lazaro, Los Tanques Gura, San Marcos and others, the cañon of the Rio de Santa Fé, near Cieneguillá. The visitor to the old provinces of Cicuye, Querez and Cunames will find five pueblos still in a flourishing condition, with some most interesting ruins in the vicinity of Silla and San Felipe. Much of this interesting region has been gone over by the enterprising archæologist; but a vast field still remains for the explorer. In his description of the province of Tutahaco, Castenado describes eight cities, of which five are standing to-day, while many fine ruins tell their story to the stroller. Near the foot of Mount Taylor, in the foothills that reach out from it, is the ruin of an interesting fortified pueblo. When Coronado was in this country in 1540–42, he made his winter quarters in the province of Tiquex, in the valley of the Rio Puerco. Castenado states that in his time there were twelve flourishing cities here, but to-day a series of ruins alone greet the eye, and the land that was then green and flourishing is now barren and deserted. A number of years ago some investigators discovered an ancient ruin above the Tehua town of Tesuque, literally

* See January number of THE CALIFORNIAN.

a town buried three feet below the river bank. The discovery was made by accident. The season was unusually rainy, and a torrent came rushing down stream carrying away a large amount of the river bank and exposing the walls of an ancient city or pueblo. There was a vertical wall of about twenty feet in height, the houses being two storied and built of adobe. The fireplaces were still there, and upon them the charcoal-wood used by the unknown owners. The timbers of the houses were all burned, showing that the houses had evidently been fired, and later had been gradually covered by the wind that blew sand over them, soon covering them up, reserving them as monuments of this bygone people.

An interesting ruin can be seen at the head of the Cañon de Chaco, known to-day as the Pueblo Bonita. There is a large building surrounded by a wall of adobe inclosing a yard, the sides of which are nearly two hundred feet in length. Like most of the work found here the walls are of extreme thickness, being in some places two feet thick and formed of plates of sandstone. The sides of the square to the south and west are formed of a three-storied edifice, which on the inner side descends in terraces. The ruin is well preserved. The first story is about seven feet high, the second nine and the upper six. The outer row has ten good rooms, each being about twenty feet in length and six feet in width; some are dark, evidently used as storage rooms. All in all in this house there are about one hundred rooms; so that three or four hundred people may have lived in it in times gone by. The doors from one room to another are small, generally three by two, the windows being about two feet square. No stairs were found, so it is assumed that the occupants used ladders to go from one story to another. Around about this building bits of pottery are found, and undoubtedly thorough investigation would result in the discovery of many articles of great interest.

All through New Mexico and Arizona we find these interesting ruins telling the story of ancient occupation. Much work has been done here by individuals and the various institutions of this country to restore them and hunt up their history; yet so far but little is known. We may assume that the dwellers in the cliff homes were the ancestors of the races now living in the pueblos, but as to actual proof it is lacking. One thing is evident, that these ruins of America are far more interesting than many in Europe, and are the stepping-stones that connect the present with the earliest days of American history.

A CALIFORNIA COLONY.

By Wm. H. B. Hayward.

THE complete history of American colonies would make interesting reading. They have been formed for a variety of purposes. Some have been based on a socialistic idea, others on philosophy, while almost every motive under the sun has been employed by the originators of these schemes, from the famous one in New England, made up of the best intellect of the day, to the one in the lower country, on the shores of Topolobampo Bay. California is the land of the colony; but these colonies are not based upon the idea of any one man, or any set of men,—are not difficult to understand. The idea can be presented in a nutshell. The State, with its varied climatic conditions, offers every inducement to the seeker after homes, where the people of the world can find cheap and productive lands that will support the tiller of the soil and his family. Those who speak from experience say that the searcher after a home can find pleasanter lines here with fewer inconveniences than in any land under the sun.

The inducements held out are those which interest every man who desires a home where his wife and children will have the greatest advantages at the least cost; where children will find the best educational facilities; where wives will find congenial companions, with the refinements of a suburban life. While California is well known the length and breadth of the American continent, in Europe, from which thousands of valuable citizens come every year, ideas regarding it and its condition are more or less crude.

California is an empire in itself, stretching along the Pacific Coast many degrees. It is a momentous question for a man of family in England, Germany, Sweden or Norway, this moving five or six or seven thousand miles, and naturally he wishes to know upon good authority what to expect. What chance have I to earn a living? What can I earn a year? Will the change be an improvement? What educational facilities are there for my children? Is the climate a healthful one? These are the questions which the would-be emigrant desires answered before he bids farewell to the home of his childhood. It is the object of the present paper to answer some of these questions, giving as an example one of the most thrifty and successful of the Californian colonies, one the soil of which has been tried and found rich and productive.

It is a difficult matter to tell a stranger how this State differs from the others. In some respects it is like Spain and Southern France; in some it is like England. The seasons are different from those in the East; they are two instead of four, melting into one another imperceptibly. The summer time is from July to October. During this period there is little or no rain; otherwise the country would not produce the fine raisins it does. Water is conducted through pipes and ditches, and when a farmer wants a rainstorm or a shower he steps into the yard and turns on the water. It is not a summer drought then, as water is plenty and for all purposes, and the yards are filled with flowers. The vineyards are now in leaf and the grapes swelling on the vines; the peach, apricot and other ordinary fruits are ripening. The newcomer will be astonished to see next to an apple tree a palm or pampas grass or some semi-tropic fruit, flower or plant. But this is one of the charms of the country: the plants of all zones meet here and thrive side by side. All through the summer there are no storms; there is little or no thunder,

In the Colony Vineyard.

clear, bright days being the rule. Hot days come as in all countries, but the summer nights are always cool, something which cannot be said in many cities of the East and Europe. The summer melts into winter, the days grow shorter, and by October it will cloud up some night, and rain will come, not in a deluge, not as might be implied by the term "rainy season," but just as it comes in the East.

From a Piazza near the Colony,—in Winter.

These rains come about once a week, giving for the season from twenty to forty inches of rain, as the case may be, amply sufficient for all purposes. The first answer to the rain is the coming of the flowers; like magic they appear, covering the entire land with a carpet like the Cloth of Gold of romance.

Can this be winter? the newcomer asks, as he looks down the famous San Joaquin Valley. Yes, this is the winter California offers: a winter where the flowers take the place of snowbanks in the lowlands; where barley is planted at Christmas time, and the song of birds fills the air. Snow there is, but on the crests of the distant Sierras that back the San Joaquin to the east, gleaming in the bright sunlight,—a magnificent and inspiring spectacle. It might be assumed by the proposed settler that such days with their evident mildness would be productive of enervation; but such is not the case. The winter days are cool, often crisp, so that a rousing fire is welcome to those who have to remain indoors. Yet it cannot be very cold, as through the window-pane you see the great roses nodding in the soft wind that finds its way over the Coast Range from the sea. To the invalid these conditions are a balm. California is the coming health resort of the world;

and there is not a town or hamlet from one end of the great State to the other but has some grateful invalid who rejoices in the fact that he came to the Golden State and recovered health.

The ambition of every true man should be to possess his own home; and

Pasadena, the gem of the San Gabriel Valley, and generally designated as the "Crown of the Valley," is thirteen years old. It is one of the most beautiful places in the world, one of the richest cities in California, and began as the Indiana Colony. Riverside, Ontario and Po-

Schoolhouse at La Vina, John Brown Colony.

it can be said that no State in the Union affords better facilities for the homeseeker. The term colony might imply, to those not familiar with the conditions here, isolation and all the disagreeable features of the frontier life; but the opposite is true, nearly every modern town or city in the State being the result of an original colony.

mona, which began in the same way, are now the seats of wealth, refinement and culture, are not ten years of age, and originated from the colony idea. The colony became a village, the village a town, the town a city, and in a few years thousands of people in the State have become rich; and scores of happy homes tell the story

of the success of colonies in California, where the homeseeker steps directly into a congenial community, and where all the elements of rough frontier life are wanting. As a rule the lands have been colonized in the following way: A number of families band together and buy land, plant it, each man suiting his own taste. Examples of this are found everywhere; but another plan has been put in operation most successfully in the San Joaquin Valley, well illustrated by the John Brown Colony; that lies in one of the favored spots of the State, a short drive from the town of Madera, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, in Fresno County.

Nursery on John Brown Colony.

The plan of operation is that the purchasers, instead of buying the land to cultivate and improve at their own expense, only advance the money necessary to buy nursery stock and pay for the cultivation until the time it comes into bearing, the colony company doing all the work until such time, then taking its pay from the fruit sold.

As an example, the payments on a ten-acre tract would thus be $300 cash, $200 in one year, $200 in two years, and $200 in three years, all of which money is spent directly on the grounds.

The company now derives no benefit from these payments, and it is not until the vines or orchards yield $200 an acre that they receive any compensation for the land. This plan early identified the interests of the John Brown Company with those of the colonists, and was one of the best guarantees that the land would have the greatest cultivation possible.

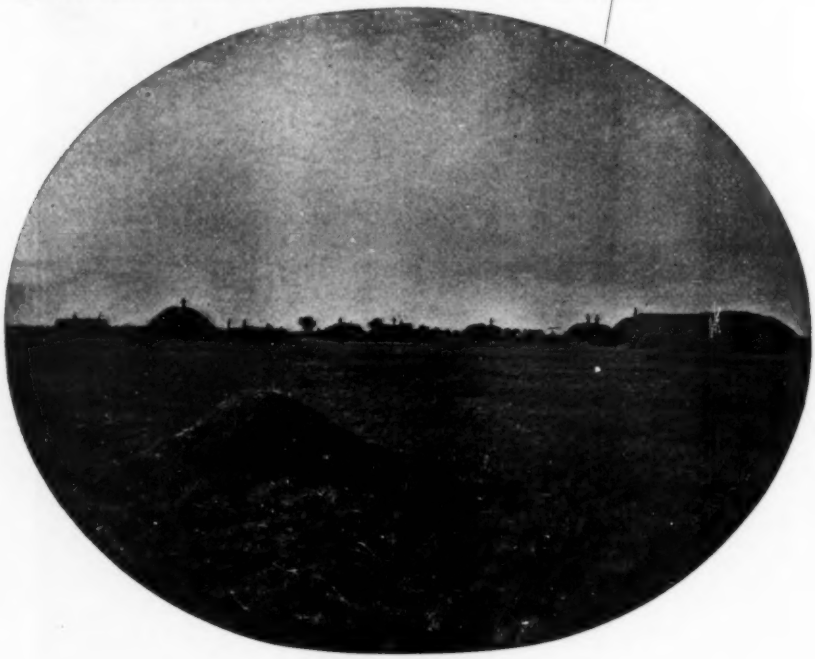
While the price realized was two hundred dollars an acre, which is not at all high for good fruit land, the actual cash outlay of the buyer was only ninety dollars per acre, which he had three years to pay. Even that could not be called pay for the land, for it was spent on improvements, the land thus practically costing nothing.

A similar plan to this was first used in forming the Equitable Homestead Corporation, containing one thousand acres; and as soon as the proposition became known to the public there was a great demand for the land.

Ready for the Day's Work.

So successful was it, indeed, that the John Brown Colony No. 1, containing two thousand acres more, was formed, and sold at the rate of thirty acres per day.

The intention of the founders was that this should be all that was to be placed on the market; but when the originator arrived with an excursion of prospective purchasers from Chicago he found all had been sold, and



The Colony Hay Field.

was compelled to purchase a third tract of 1,920 acres, known as the Chapman Ranch, and named the John Brown Colony No. 2, to meet the ever-increasing demand, five hundred acres of which have already been sold.

The very novelty and fairness of the offer was what attracted such general attention and surprise, and made many think it a catch-penny device. No one concern could afford to invest the enormous amount of money required to plant and cultivate the immense tract of land. The deferred payments bear eight per cent a year interest, and the company sell a large body of land much easier and quicker than they would in the old way for a good price. One of the best proofs of the feasibility of this plan lies in the fact that many similar schemes were floated on exactly the same plans and using almost the same words.

The purchaser had his property cultivated during the unfruitful stage when there were no returns, could work at whatever avocation he might be engaged in, earn his salary without anything to worry over, and at the end of the fourth year, or a little later, remove to his new home, with an income-bearing property sufficient to support a large family and leave a handsome surplus every year, free from all encumbrances, and with a certainty for the

future, provided he give it proper attention and care. His place, as well as the whole surrounding territory, was improving and increasing in value and beauty of appearance while he waited, and instead of having to pioneer it he could come to a home that was ready and waiting, with all the comforts of the most thickly settled districts at hand. What position could be more desirable?

had much to do in making a success of the colony; and Mr. J. R. Mitchell is the superintendent of the work. Behind the colony is the Bank of Madera and the well-known Pacific Bank of San Francisco, which has a cash capital of one million dollars and a surplus of nearly as much more.

Personal examination shows the ground to lie nearly as level as a floor, with a slope to the San Joaquin River

Down the Irrigating Ditch.

While it is not the intention to go far into details, yet this plan is so unique that it is well worthy of explanation.

A drive over this colony is particularly interesting and instructive as illustrating the methods pursued in cultivating new lands.

The chief manager is Mr. A. F. Johns, well known throughout Central California; Mr. Paul B. Hay, who now resides at Madera, is the agent, and has

to the west of six feet to the mile, giving a gradual pitch admirably suited for irrigating ditches and a proper outlet for the surplus water.

The soil on the Chapman Ranch is a rich, heavy, sandy loam, eight to ten feet deep, and, if anything, superior to the first tracts sold, being the very cream of all soils for the proper cultivation and success of a vineyard or orchard.

The scenery is fine and the climate exhilarating, the land being a smooth plain three hundred feet above sea-level, backed up by the snow-capped mountains of the Coast Range towards the west and the Sierra Nevadas on the east.

It must be always borne in mind that California is an extremely large State, taking in nearly *three* times as much territory as the State of New York, greatly diversified in character, and what is true of one section of the country is not of another. Many come to one part of the State, live there a while, and, should they be called to express an opinion, speak of that particular location as if it applied to the whole. The only way one can get any conception regarding the country is to visit all parts of it in every season of the year; and not until then is one competent to express an opinion. One can choose whatever kind of climate, scenery or soil suits him best, all within a very few miles.

To continue further on the John Brown Colony, thirty-five miles of irrigating ditches have been dug, the water being supplied from the Fresno River, and emptying into the San Joaquin. These ditches intersect all the different lots of the colony and give a bountiful supply of water, always insuring a good yield. The water right is given with the land.

Three thousand two hundred and sixty acres of those sold are planted to Muscat grapes, the choicest variety for drying and packing; the balance is laid out in orchards, forty acres in the Chapman Tract being planted in French prunes.

The colony company has reserved a tract containing forty acres for a nursery where it can raise the choicest stock for planting. So fine is the nursery stock considered that the Fresno nurserymen offered a large advance for its contents over the original cost. It is now valued at $11,000.*

So much has been said and known regarding the profits to be realized from the vine and tree that it is almost a repetition to say more; but the following table of what has been done by Messrs. Paige & Morton of Tulare County, just south of Fresno County, on their orchard of five hundred acres and vineyard of five hundred acres, is a fair and correct average estimate of the cost per acre of fruit-growing and its profits.

Kinds of Fruit.	Cost of planting and care first year per acre.	Cost of care and cultivation 2nd year per acre.	Age of trees or vines 1890.	Cost of cultivat'n and handling 1890 per acre.	Gross receipts of 1890 per acre.	Net profits 1890 per acre.
Apricots	$30	$20	5	$132	$343	$211
Nectarines	30	20	5	132	400	268
Peaches	30	20	5	150	500	350
Yellow Egg Plums	30	20	5	100	500	400
French Prunes	30	20	6	120	720	600
Pears	30	20	6	75	502	427
Raisins (1889)	30	15	5	65	305	240

It may be added that there has been an income from this fruit farm ever since the second year of its planting. The returns were of course small at first, but have been increasing steadily for three years, until the foregoing remarkable showing was made.

All this cannot be done without careful and constant attention; but if the colonist uses his brains as well as his hands there is no reason why he should not obtain results equally as good. The large profits realized by the California fruit-growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal to a farm containing a quarter section that is laid out to grain in the Eastern States.

It is an established fact, proven by the past, that three-year-old vines will produce three tons of grapes per acre, which makes one ton of raisins, and

* The stock embraces such trees as peaches, apricots, French prunes of several varieties, Muscat grape cuttings, fig trees, about four thousand umbrella trees, one thousand of which are ready for planting, and about one thousand Italian cypress for hedges, and many varieties of flowers.

Town of La Vina on John Brown Colony.

which, marketed in one of the Fresno packing-houses loose in the sweatbox, without packing, will bring five cents a pound or one hundred dollars. If they are packed the prices run about two hundred dollars per ton, and when the vines are six years old the yield will be six tons of grapes to the acre, equal to two tons of raisins, or double the amount at three years.

Professor Gustav Eisen, the highest authority on grape culture in California, says: "I know of vines which only three years from planting yielded this year over one hundred dollars per acre net, $2,900 having been taken from twenty acres of vines."

Orchards yield even larger returns, but the majority of trees do not bear as soon as the vine. Olives are probably one of the best paying fruits; but as they do not come into bearing for seven years there are not more planted. A good way to do is to plant an olive orchard, with vines between the trees. The vines bear in three years, and when the quarters become too cramped for the orchard and vineyard, and the former is in bearing, the vines can be rooted out.

In 1874 California shipped East two hundred pounds of raisins. In 1888 she shipped eighteen million pounds, and the extent to which she failed to supply the home market is fully illustrated by the report of the Finance Committee, already quoted, wherein it is declared that there was actually imported into the United States in the year 1889, 34,393,500 pounds of raisins. When, therefore, California has trebled its present product of raisins it will barely equal the importation, so there need be no fear of overproduction.

The secret of success lies in careful attention, proper pruning and cultivating, selecting best raisins for packing in boxes and selling balance in sacks for what they bring. Attractive and unique packing makes a great difference in price received.

To-day all but six hundred acres of those sold are planted and showing a vigorous growth; and these will be planted this winter.

In the John Brown Colony No. 2 two fine avenues one hundred feet wide are laid off to be planted in ornamental trees and shrubbery. One is a mile and the other a mile and a half long.

Camps are established at different points containing comfortable buildings for the workmen, the majority of whom are colonists who have already come from the East, and are paid $30 per month and board by the company, what they earn going towards paying for their lots.

At Colony No. 1 there is already a town known as La Vina, now a year old, which contains thirty houses and in the neighborhood of two hundred inhabitants. A fine public school, that cost $6,000, is erected; it is two stories high, and contains four classrooms; it now has fifty-two scholars and two teachers.

On Colony No. 2 is the Chapman Home, consisting of twenty acres of the same class of land as in the colony, which is under a high state of cultivation, and gives its owners a handsome income.

All is not work to the dwellers in this colony. Not far away the mighty Sierra Nevadas raise their white caps, from which innumerable cañons reach down to the lowland, affording a large number of resorts during the summer. There are cool glens, mighty forests, large game in abundance, and all the degrees of altitude one might wish.

A day's travel, less than one hundred miles distant, is the famous Yosemite, the most remarkable scenic region in the world, a region that is thronged every season with tourists from all over the world. There are then not alone the material comforts here, but for this region Nature seems to have excelled herself.

HUNTING THE ANTELOPE.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

WE were coming down the slope of the Sierra Madre, the desert beyond Antelope Valley ranging away to illimitable distance with here and there a strangely shaped peak, a miniature volcano or a picturesque minaret breaking the horizon. The sun was on the wane and a marvelous transformation scene taking place. The buttes, slopes and plain that a few moments before had been deluged with the blazing sunlight were now assuming a vivid pink that seemed to suffuse the very air, and the peaks of the distant Sierras glowed with color. As the sun went down the shadows deepened, the lowlands changed from pink to violet and purple, the varying shades creeping up the heights, slowly encompassing every rock and cliff, and growing in intensity until every peak was set in a royal hue. It was the glory of the setting sun; like living things the shadows seemed to creep out of the cañons and arroyos. The purples took on darker tints, until finally the sun sank beneath the western mountains; and the chill of night settled down upon the weird scene,—the gateway of the great American desert.

"Quite in the way of a transformation scene," remarked my companion in the little smoking-room of the sleeper. "Quite," I replied. "The last time I came down this grade," he continued, "I followed almost this same trail. I passed the same old yuccas with their beckoning arms, their horrible distortions. I remember the same glow on the mountain; and pardon me, but has such a scene as we have just witnessed any especial effect upon you?" he asked.

"Well, yes," I answered, "I fancy it has; at least I feel like taking off my hat." "Exactly," said my companion, "and I may say what I was about to without exciting your mirth. I rode through here nearly forty years ago on horseback; a man who had never given a thought to other than material things, and just such a scene as we have witnessed to-night, warmed up my spiritual nature so that I never after doubted the design in nature. I had a most singular experience on the edge of the desert here, which comes back to me as if yesterday. I was overtaken by the darkness, and fully expected to lie down beneath the stars, when I saw a light twinkling, then another, and I turned my horse in that direction. You know how very deceptive distances are on the desert, and it was fully five miles before I came into the camp. It was a party of a dozen, representing three families, prospecting for land in three comfortable prairie-schooners. They gave me a hearty welcome, and I was soon sitting around a blazing fire eating a hot supper, and giving an account of myself. It did not take me long to find out that there was a romance in the air. One of the party was a remarkably attractive young girl; and two young men, strapping fine fellows, paid her assiduous attention. The following morning the two young men came to me and said that as I was a stranger they wanted me to arbitrate a question between them. 'You see,' said one, 'we are the best of friends, but we both love the same girl. She shows no preference, but we each think the other ought to pull out and give the other a chance; and we would like

you to suggest some way out of the difficulty.' They were both finely built fellows,—equals in every way. I was amused and puzzled, and while I looked off over the sage-brush in search of an idea my eyes rested upon a band of antelopes—prong-horns—evidently feeding some distance away. The sight brought to my mind a sport I had once tried in Africa, that of hamstringing an antelope from the horse with the famous Hamran Arabs, and turning to the young men I said, 'If I had two swords or sabres I would suggest something.' 'I have the sabres, but I would not raise my hand against Tom,' said one, clapping his friend on the shoulder in a manly fashion. 'I do not mean a duel,' I replied with a laugh. 'What then?' asked the other, 'for we have four old sabres to sell to Indians.' 'This,' I explained; 'over yonder there is a band of antelopes; they run like the wind, and the rider who comes up with one over this desert is a man.' 'But I can do it,' said one of the men. 'I'll risk my horse for it,' retorted the other with a smile. 'He'd outrun any antelope on earth.' 'But that is not what I mean,' I interjected. 'In Africa, especially in the north, there is a tribe of sword-hunters among the Arabs; they are the finest riders in the world, and bring down their game with sabres or rather swords of marvelous sharpness. Their plan is to ride up to their game at full speed, and when alongside cut the hamstring and so take the game. It requires a good rider, a perfect eye and nerve. Now, I propose that you sharpen up your sabres, mount and run down the herd, and the one who gets his first antelope by severing the tendon achilles shall have the field in love.' 'Good,' said the men, and they shook hands over the compact; and both were soon sharpening up the old sabres with some scythe sharpeners one of the party happened to have. This done, the horses were saddled, and accompanied by all the men of the party we rode in the direction of the prong-horns. They insisted that, as I suggested the plan, I should be the judge; so I cinched my horse with especial care, and began to feel some of the old fire creeping through my veins. While now antelopes are rare, and there is probably not one within fifty miles of us, they were very common thirty years ago, and not at all wild, so that we easily got within an eighth of a mile of them before they started. The leader looked at us a moment, then trotted down into a little wash, followed by the entire band of about twenty. As soon as they disappeared we started in, and by taking a turn we came upon them just as they were coming out of the wash. They were not fifty yards away, and what a shot! They looked at us in a startled, curious way for a single second, and were away. They ran like arrows shot from the bow, and as straight, leaving us at the start as if we had been standing still, while a cloud of fine white dust rose between us, from which shot small stones and pebbles, picked up by the sharp little hoofs of the prong-horns. The antelopes gained on us for the first half mile; then we began to creep up on them. They were now turning gradually, making a sweep or curve. The pace was terrific, and more than once I shut my eyes, not wishing to see my own neck broken. The desert was cut with gullies made by the winter rains; here were heaps of bowlders or stones, piled up by the water, now patches of sage-brush concealing holes and burrows; but nothing stopped us, and the gamy horses kept on gaining slowly, evidently as mad with excitement as the riders. My own horse was a thoroughbred, and I doubt if I could have stopped him; he took everything as it came, was a magnificent jumper, and now carried me well abreast of the two young men who, with their swords across the saddle, were urging their ponies at the top of their speed. I fancied one horse was slightly troubled by the pace, as any horse might have been on a smooth track; but

Hunting the Antelope with the Sabre.

slowly we pulled up on the little animals, who had now reached a hard, sun-baked stretch, and were making a turn which would bring them almost back to the original starting point. The pace was telling on them without doubt; we were now fairly within reach, and while I drew off to the left, slightly ahead, the two young men with a shout dashed with uplifted sabres down among the devoted animals. A shout, a roar of feet, a cloud of dust, and out of it came both men chasing the same fleet little antelope. I saw in a moment who had lost. The man on the right side was at a disadvantage, as he would have to make a cut over his horse,—similar to the old left cut against cavalry, used in the service. He saw this himself, evidently, as, plunging the spurs into his horse, he shot ahead of the antelope a few feet, then leaning back and turning directly in the saddle, showing his skill to fine advantage, he struck, but missed; and the pony, startled at the blow, turned, leaving him virtually out of the race. The other had the game in his own hands, and a magnificent sight it was. We were almost side by side, and keeping his pony well in hand he leaned over and with a fine sweeping blow cut the little animal down. Yes, the girl married him, and it was just as the story books have it,—they were happy forever after, as I often see them in their home in this county."

The antelope which in former years was so common in western North America is now a rarity, and despite the strict game laws of California will undoubtedly soon be a thing of the past. The hunting-grounds now include the great level plain of the southern San Joaquin Valley from Mojave east to the desert proper and up to Tulare. They are found on both sides of the Sierra Madre Range, reaching down into Mexico, where they can be shot and followed without fear of game laws. From the eastern summit of the Sierra Madre one looks down on what now may be called the antelope country. From the slopes of San Antonio the eye rests upon one of the most remarkable panoramas in the world. To the east stretches a desert,—a region of heat, desolation and death. Dried-up lakes, vistas of sand, weird vegetation, ridges of sand and stone,—a region where the summer days are like a furnace and where a winter chill settles in at night. A turn of the head and the eye rests on the garden spot of the world. The fertile valleys and orange groves of Southern California, the cities of San Diego, Los Angeles and other counties with their wealth of verdure, their suggestions of perennial summer; while beyond, in deep-blue setting, is the ocean and its isles of romance.

Leading up from the desert are numerous cañons, rivers of green that wind away into the range, forming here and there valleys and pastures, nooks and corners of verdure, presenting sharp contrasts to the bleak and uninviting region so near at hand. Here the live-oak, sycamore, the fragrant bay tree and others thrive; and beneath their branches at certain times of the year the wary antelope is found, though it is more at home on the burning sands that border the desert. In descending from the upper peak, eleven thousand feet above the Pacific, the sportsman may meet the grizzly, the black bear, the big-horn, the black-tailed deer, coming upon the antelope on the lower levels. Sometimes it can be stalked, but the true sportsman will take to his horse, which has been tethered in some pasture of the cañon, and with a final cinch sally out to give the antelope fair play and a chance for its life. Often the little animals are seen at the entrance of some green cañon, and the horses come upon them suddenly; then it is every man for himself. They give a startled look, wheel on their delicate pivots and are away. Your horse has caught the infection, and you feel the expansion of his lungs against your legs; and then,—well, if you have experienced

the joys of the steeple chase, have followed a good pack of joyous-throated hounds or have done your duty behind the stag-hounds, then you know something about it. The world looks bright to you. The blood goes jingling madly through your veins. The very air cuts your face. At the pace you expect to break your neck, but what of it? Your horse has taken the matter in hand, and the bit is a fixture between his teeth. The reins are over the pommel, and you are vainly trying to take aim over your pony's ears at the bunches of brown and dun flashing like streaks of light ahead.

"Don't shoot," shouts an old and cooler head; "ride up alongside and make a sure thing of it."

The little animals run in a circle as a rule,—an intuition obtained from some forefather who understood a trick or two, perhaps, in avoiding capture. You are fairly mad with excitement. The wind kisses, beats and caresses your face all in a moment; you are in an ecstasy of delight, your one thought to beat the rest. You appear drawn on by a whirlwind of legs, dust and fleeting forms, yet occasionally your neck is thought of. The level ground where the sage grows is passed, and your pony suddenly comes to a wash. You cannot see bottom, but the other side is fairly within a possibility you have read of; and with a shout of bravado you are in the air, a little ashamed, as your horse has put back his ears, resenting the doubt that he has felt by that mysterious current that runs down the rider's legs and tells the horse all about it. After that you throw doubts to the wind and take everything as a matter of course, learning that this sturdy horse, who appears to be running away, is a very knowing fellow, and will attempt nothing that he cannot make a success of. The antelopes have turned, you take a short cut to the left, and after a mighty effort the horse brings you flying alongside the little creatures. There are six of them, and how they run,—speed of jack rabbits and greyhounds all bowled into one, flying over the surface, with heads stretched out and slender limbs working like the springs of some machine. To kill such a gamy little creature seems hardly the thing; and you ride along at this killing pace, fairly gloating over them, all the old inherited hunting instinct aroused, mercy and savagery fighting for the supremacy, and the latter wins. It is two or three hundred miles to a good market, and dinner is an important item; so down goes the antelope. If you had doubts of being a good shot before you have none now, as on the dead run you manage to put a bullet where it was intended, and the little creature plunges high into the air and falls dead beneath your very feet. Your pony rounds up on the instant, possibly imagining that he is on the other end of a rope or lariat; and you tumble off, stiff and breathless, to claim your trophy, while the others sweep on in the wild race, disappearing in the cloud of dust. This is the sportsmanlike method of taking the antelope, sharing with it the dangers and chances of the chase. The little creature can be stalked, often falling a victim to its curiosity, being held in place by singular motions on the part of the hunter.

There is every reason for the protection and preservation of this little creature. It is the sole representative of the antelope tribe in America, and is the equal of many of the African forms in speed, beauty and grace. It is best known as the prong-horn, from the singular prong on its horns. Another name for it is prong-buck, while to exact science it is *Antilocapra Americana*. The antelope is remarkable as being the only one of the hollow-horned ruminants possessing undivided horns. Equally singular is the fact that the horny sheaths or horns are cast every October or November. The casting is produced apparently by the development of what are termed casting hairs, which grow in a skin which forms beneath the horns, the old horns being seemingly pushed off.

A full-grown male antelope stands about seven feet eight inches at the withers, and six inches more at the rump. Its length should be about five feet. The marking is more or less protective, especially when observed from behind. The general color is yellowish brown in the back and upper portions, with white below. The buttocks are pure white, so that often when an antelope is standing

Antelope Killing a Rattlesnake.

side on, and suddenly turns and runs, it almost seems to disappear. The eyes of the antelope are striking organs, being large and lustrous, often having an almost human expression. They are placed directly beneath the horns in the male, occupying a most extraordinary position. The little animal is a type of grace and activity; its limbs are long, slender and delicate, terminating in sharp, knife-like hoofs, that are often used as weapons, especially when the antelope meets a rattlesnake. At such a time the little animals are much excited, and the one possessed of the most courage possibly will undertake the act of executioner. This it accomplishes by leaping into the air, bringing its hoofs together in a point so that they come down upon the coiled serpent, cutting and lacerating it so that but a few bounds of this kind result in the reptile's death. The range of the prong-horn, properly speaking, is wider than we have given. It may be said to roam from the Missouri River to the Pacific, and from about 53 degrees north latitude into Mexico, though the larger number are still found and confined to the borders of the Arizona desert, where, it is hoped, it will long find a home and a protection.

THE VOYAGE OF CABRILLO.

(Commenced in January number.)

[Some years ago a collection of papers was found in one of the libraries of Madrid that proved to be the diary of the discoveries of Cabrillo kept by his pilot Ferrel, in the famous voyage along the California coast in 1542, in which the natives of California were first seen and described by white men. The book was translated for this Government by Mr. Richard Stuart Evans, the title of the volume being, "Coleccion de various documentos, para la historia de la Florida y tierras adyacentes (Tomo I.), en la casa de Trübner y Compañia, Núm.— Paternoster Row, Londres." The following is the literal translation as given in the report of the geographical survey, and is of great interest, as it mentions and describes many of the locations, as Santa Barbara, San Diego and others that are now flourishing American cities, which then were the homes of unnumbered tribes.]

Wednesday, at midnight, on the 1st day of November, standing off, a heavy wind from the north-northwest struck them, which did not let them carry a palm of sail, and by the dawn of day freshened so much that they could do no less than seek shelter, and they took shelter under Cabo de Galera, and anchored there and went on shore; and because there was a large town which they call Xexo, and wood did not appear to be very much at hand, they agreed to go to Pueblo de las Sardinas [Goletta Anchorage], because there water and wood were very near and accessible. They called this harbor of Galera Puerto de Todos Santos [Coxo Anchorage]. The following Thursday they went to Pueblo de las Sardinas, where they were taking in water and wood three days; and the natives of the country aided them and brought wood and water to the ships. This village of the Puerto de Sardinas is called Cicacut, and the others, which are from that place to Cabo de Galera, are, Ciucut, Anacot, Maquinanoa, Paltatre, Anacoat, Olesino, Caacat, Paltocac, Tocane, Opia, Opistopia, Nocos, Yutum, Quiman, Micoma, Garomisopona. An old Indian woman is princess of these villages, who came to the ships and slept two nights in the captain's ship, and the same did many Indians. The village of Ciucut appeared to be the capital of the other villages, as they came there from other villages at the call of that princess; the village which is at the cape is called Xexo. From this port to Pueblo de las Canoas there is another province which they call Xucu. They have their houses round and covered very well down to the ground; they go covered with skins of many kinds of animals; they eat oak-acorns, and a grain which is as large as maize, and is white, of which they make dumplings; it is good food. They say that inland there is much maize, and that men like us are traveling there. This port is in 35⅔ degrees.

Monday, the 6th of the said month of November, they departed from the said port of Sardinas; and that day they made hardly any progress, and until the following Friday they held on with very little wind. This day we reached Cabo de Galera; through all this course they could not avail themselves of Indians, who came to board them with water and fish and showed much good disposition. They have in their villages their large public squares, and they have an inclosure like a circle, and around the inclosure they have many blocks of stone fastened in the ground, which issue about three palms, and in the middle of the inclosures they have many sticks of timber driven into the ground like masts, and very thick; and they have many pictures on these same posts, and we believe that they worship them, for when they dance they go dancing around the inclosure.

The Saturday following, the day of San Martin, on the 11th day of the said month of November, they proceeded, sailing along the land, and they found themselves this morning 12 leagues from the cape, in the same place where they arrived first [*i.e.*, off San Luis Obispo]; and all this day they had a good wind, so that they sailed along a coast running northwest and southeast full 20 leagues; all this coast which they passed this day is a bold coast without any harbor, and there extends a chain (cordillera) of sierras along the whole of it, very lofty, and it is as high by the sea as on the land within; the sea beats upon it [this description applies exactly to the coast between Cape Saint Martin and Point Sur]. They saw no population nor smokes; and all the coast, which has no shelter on the north, is uninhabited. They named the sierras Las Sierras de San Martin; they are in 37½ degrees. The spurs of these and of the sierras on the northwest form a cape which projects into the sea in 38 degrees; they named it Cabo de Martin [Point Sur]. This same night of Saturday, at four o'clock in the night, being in the sea about 6 leagues from the coast, lying by waiting for the day, with a southeast wind, so great a storm struck them from the southwest and the south-southwest, with rain and dark, cloudy weather, that they could not keep up a handbreadth of sail, and it made them run with a small foresail, with much labor all the night; and the Sunday following the tempest fell upon them with much greater violence, which continued that day and night until the following Monday at noon, and the storm was as great as can be experienced in Spain. On Saturday night they lost sight of their consort.

Monday, the 13th day of the said month of November, at the hour of vespers, the weather cleared up and the wind veered to the west, and immediately they put on sail and went in search of their consort at the turn of the land, praying to God that they might discover her, as they much feared that she would be lost. They were running to the north and to the north-northwest with the wind west and west-northwest; and the following Tuesday at daybreak they had sight of the land, and they were able to hold on until the evening; and they could see that the land was very high, and they cruised along the coast to see if there was any port where they might take shelter; and so great was the swell of the sea that it was fearful to behold; and the coast was bold and the sierras very lofty, and at evening they lay by at anchor; it is a coast running from northwest to southeast; they perceived the land at a point which projects into the sea which forms a cape, and the point is covered with trees, and is in 40 degrees [Point de Arenas].

Wednesday, the fifteenth of the said month, they had sight of their consort, for which they gave many thanks to God, as they considered her lost; and they came up with her and joined her at evening. They of the other ship endured more danger and risk than those of the captain's vessel, on account of its being small and having no deck. This land where they were sailing is to appearance very good, but they saw no Indians nor smokes. There are grand sierras covered with snow; there are many trees. At night they lowered the sails and lay by.

On the following Thursday, the 16th of the said month of November, at daybreak, they were upon a large inlet [Bodega Bay?], which came from a turn of the shore, which appeared to have a port and a river; and they went beating about this day and the night and the Friday following, until they saw that there was no river nor any harbor; and to take possession they cast anchor in 45 fathoms. They did not dare to land on account of the high sea. This creek is in a little over 39 degrees, and it is all covered with pines to the sea. They gave it the name of La Bahia de los Pinos

[Bodega Bay]. The following night they lay by until the next day.

The following Saturday they were running along the coast, and they found themselves at night off El Cabo de San Martin. All the coast they passed from this day is very bold, and there is a great swell of the sea, and the land is very lofty; there are mountains which rise to the sky and the sea beats upon them. While sailing near the land it appears as if they would fall upon the ships; they are covered with snow to the summit. They gave them the name of Las Sierras Nevadas [the Sierra Nevada thus christened]; and the principal one forms a cape, which projects into the sea, which they named Cabo de Nieve [not identifiable]. The coast runs north-northwest and south-southeast. It does not appear that Indians inhabit this coast. This Cabo de Nieve is in 38⅔ degrees, and always when it blew from the northwest it made the weather fair and clear.

Thursday, on the twenty-third day of the month, they approached on a backward course the islands of San Lucas [the group collectively here meant], and one of them named La Posesion [San Miguel]; and they ran along all the coast, point by point, from El Cabo de Pinos to them, and they found no harbor, so that of necessity they had to return to the said island, on account of having these days a very high west-northwest wind, and the swell of the sea was very great. From Cabo de Martin to Cabo de Pinos we saw no Indians, because of the coast's being bold and without harbor and rugged; and on the southeast side of Cabo de Martin for 15 leagues they found the country inhabited, and many smokes, for the land is good; but from El Cabo de Martin as far as to 40 degrees we saw no sign of Indians. El Cabo de San Martin is in 37½ degrees.

While wintering in this Isla de Posesion [San Miguel], on the third day of January, 1543, departed from this present life Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, captain of the said ships, from a fall which he had on the same island at the former time when they were there, by which he broke an arm near the shoulder. He left for captain the chief pilot, who was one Bartolome Ferrel, a native of the Levant; and he charged them much at the time of his death that they should not give up the discovery, as far as possible, of all that coast. They named the island La Isla de Juan Rodriguez. The Indians call this island Liquimuymu, and another they called Nicalque, and the other they call Limu. In this island De la Posesion there are two villages; the one is called Zaco and the other Nimollollo. On one of the other islands there are three villages; one they call Nichochi, and another Coycoy, and the other Estocoloco. On the other island there are eight villages, which are, Miquesesquelua, Poele, Pisqueno, Pualnacatup, Patiquiu, Patiquilid, Ninumu, Muoc, Pilidquay, Lilibeque.

The Indians of these islands are very poor. They are fishermen; they eat nothing but fish; they sleep on the ground; all their business and employment is to fish. In each house they say there are fifty souls. They live very swinishly; they go naked. They were in these islands from the 23d of November to the 19th of January. In all this time, which was almost two months, there were very hard wintry storms on the land and sea. The winds which prevailed most were west-southwest and south-southwest and west-northwest. The weather was very tempestuous.

Friday, the 19th day of the month of January, 1543, they set sail from the island of Juan Rodriguez, which is called Liquimuymu by the natives [San Miguel], to go to the mainland in quest of some supplies of provisions for their voyage; and in leaving the port a heavy storm from the west-northwest struck them, which made them put into the other island of San Lucas, and they anchored off the island of Limu, to which they gave

the name of San Salvador [Santa Cruz]; and they found it necessary to weigh anchor again because it had no port more under the shelter of the islands, and the wind veered round obliquely, and they sailed round these islands eight days with the winds very foul, sheltering themselves by the islands from the bad weather; and on the twenty-seventh day of the said month they entered the same port of the island of Juan Rodriguez where they were before. The greatest obstacle they had was because the winds were not fixed, but went veering about from one to another. Those which are most constant are from the west-northwest and from the west-southwest.

Tuesday, the 29th day of the said month of January, they departed from the island of Juan Rodriguez [San Miguel] for the island of San Lucas [Santa Rosa here intended; although the confusion resulting from the Spaniards having named and renamed certain ones of the group renders it difficult to fix them with precision], which is in the middle of the others, to take up certain anchors which they had left in a storm, not being able to raise them, which they took, and took in water.

They departed from this island of San Lucas Monday, the 12th day of the month of February, which they could not do sooner on account of the bad weather, which gave them winds and much snow. It is inhabited, and the people are like those of the other island. The Indians call it Nicalque. There are three villages in it, which are called Nicochi, Coycoy, Coloco. This day they went to Puerto de las Sardinas [Goletta Anchorage], to take in wood and other things necessary for their voyage, as they were not to be obtained on those islands.

Wednesday, the fourteenth day of the said month, they departed from El Puerto de Sardinas, having taken a boat-load of wood, and they did not dare to remain longer there on account of the great swell of the sea; they did not find so many Indians as before, nor any fishing on account of the winter; the natives eat oak-acorns and other seeds and herbs of the field without cooking. From this place they proceeded to the island of San Salvador [Santa Cruz], because they were there more secure from the storms, that they might be able to make sail and run along by the sea.

Sunday, the 18th day of the said month of February, they departed from the island of San Salvador with a moderate wind to the northeast, and they ran along to the southwest because they were told that there were other islands toward the southwest; they were at dusk this day about 12 leagues from the island of San Salvador, and they saw six islands, some large and others small. [The southern members of the Santa Barbara group, of which there are actually but five; but Santa Catalina has the appearance of being cut in two]. This day a sailor died; and the following Monday, at daybreak, they were at sea about 10 leagues to the windward of the islands, and with the wind west-northwest they were standing off five days to the southwest, and after they had proceeded about a hundred leagues they found the wind more violent and the sea high; and Thursday, the 22d day of the said month of February, they again stood in-shore to endeavor to reach Cabo de Pinos [Point de Arenas], with the wind south-southeast, which continued three days, and was increasing each day; and the Sunday following, at daybreak, they gained sight of Cabo de Pinos; and they were this day at dusk 20 leagues to windward on a coast running northwest and southeast, and it is bold and without harbor; there was no smoke seen on the land, and they saw a point which formed the extremity of the land which turned the coast to the northwest. In the middle of the night the wind suddenly shifted to the south-southwest, and they ran to the west-northwest until day, and in the morning the wind shifted to the west-southwest

with great violence, which held on until the following Tuesday; they ran to the northwest.

Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of the said month, the wind veered to the south-southwest, which held on all day; they ran to the west-northwest with the foresails lowered, for it blew violently; at the approach of night the wind shifted to the west; they ran all night to the south with but few sails; there was a high sea which washed over them.

The Wednesday following, the twenty-eighth day of the said month, at daybreak, the wind shifted directly to the southwest, and it did not blow hard. This day they took the latitude in 43 degrees. [Allowing the necessary error of a degree and a half, this would place the ships somewhat above Cape Mendocino.] Towards night the wind freshened and shifted to the south-southwest. They ran this night to the west-northwest with much difficulty, and Thursday at daybreak the wind shifted to the southwest with great fury, and the seas came from many parts, which harassed them much, and broke over the ships, which not having decks, if God should not succor them, they could not escape; and not being able to lay by, of necessity they ran aft northeast towards the land; and now holding themselves for lost they commended themselves to our Lady of Guadalupe, and made their wills, and ran thus until three o'clock in the afternoon with much fear and labor, for they saw that they were going to be lost, and already saw many signs of the land which was near, as small birds, and logs very fresh, which floated from some rivers, although from the dark and cloudy weather the land did not appear. At this hour the Mother of God succored them with the grace of her Son, and there came a violent rainstorm from the north, which made them run all that night and the following day until sunset to the south with the foresails lowered; and because there was a high sea from the south it broke over them each time by the prow, and passed over them as if over a rock, and the wind shifted to the northwest and the north-northwest with great fury, so that it made them run until Saturday, the 3d of March, to the southeast and to the east-southeast, with such a high sea that it made them cry out without reserve that if God and his blessed Mother did not miraculously save them they could not escape. Saturday at noon the wind moderated and remained at the northwest, for which they gave many thanks to our Lord. They suffered also in provisions, as they had only biscuit, and that damaged.

It appeared to them that there was a very large river of which they had much indication between 41 degrees and 43, for they saw many signs of it. [Probaby the drift from the Columbia was here noticed, although all the smaller rivers of this coast carry down more or less driftwood.] This day, in the evening, they recognized Cabo de Pinos [Point Arenas], and on account of the high sea which prevailed they could do no less than run along the coast on the return course in search of a port. They experienced much cold.

Monday, on the 5th day of the said month of March, 1543, at dawn, they found themselves off the island of Juan Rodriguez [San Miguel], and they did not dare to enter the port on account of the great storm which prevailed, which dashed the sea on the entrance of the port in 15 fathoms; the wind was north-northwest; the entrance is narrow; they ran into the harbor of the island of San Salvador [Santa Cruz] on the southeast side; and the night before coming with a violent tempest, with only two small foresails, the other ship disappeared so that they suspected that the sea had swallowed it up, and they could not discover it any more, even after daybreak; they believe they must have been in 44 degrees when the last storm took them and compelled them to fall off to leeward. [The allowance of a degree and a half would place

the highest point reached in about 42½ degrees, or at about the southern border of Oregon, and it is believed that this is not far out of the way.]

Thursday, the eighth day of the said month, they departed from the island of San Salvador, to stand in for the mainland in search of the other ship, and they proceeded to Pueblo de las Canoas [Buenaventura] and did not obtain news of the other ship; and here they took four Indians.

The Friday following, on the ninth of the said month, they departed from Pueblo de las Canoas and proceeded to the island of San Salvador and found no signs of their consort.

Sunday, the eleventh of the said month, they came near Puerto de San Miguel [Saint Pedro Bay]; neither did they find here their consort nor any news of her; here they waited six days; here they took two boys to carry to New Spain for interpreters, and left certain signals in case the other ship should approach.

Saturday, the seventeenth day of the said month, they departed from the said Puerto de San Miguel; the following Sunday they arrived off Bahia de San Mateo [San Diego Bay] and found no more signs of the other ship.

Sunday, the eighteenth day of the said month, in the evening, they departed from this bay of San Mateo, and the Wednesday following, on the twenty-first of the said month, they arrived at Puerto de la Posesion [Port St. Quentin], and still obtained no news of their consort; they waited two days without entering the port, for they did not dare to enter it on account of the heavy northwest wind which blew, and, as it broke their cable, of necessity they weighed anchor.

Friday, on the twenty-third day of the said month, they departed from Puerto de la Posesion, and the following Saturday at midnight they arrived off Isla de Cedros [Cerros Island], and being there the following Monday, the twenty-sixth day of the said month, arrived the other ship off Isla de Cedros, at which they rejoiced much and gave many thanks to God; this ship put into La Isla de Juan Rodriguez [San Miguel], by night, passing over some breakers so that they expected to be lost, and the mariners promised to go in procession naked to her church, and our Lady delivered them.

On Monday, the 2d day of the month of April, they departed from Isla de Cedros on their return to New Spain, because they did not have a supply of provisions to renew their attempt to discover the coast. They arrived in El Puerto de Navidad Saturday, the 14th day of the said month of April.

Came as captain of the ships, Bartolome Ferrel, chief pilot of the said ships, in default of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who died in Isla de la Posesion [San Miguel]. The men came in the said ships.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

THE people with general and the politicians with special interest will, for the next six months or more, watch the proceedings of Congress. The action of the Fifty-first Congress may be taken as the definite policy of the Republican Party upon the tariff question, and it remains to be seen whether the policy of the Democratic majority in the present House will be in accord with that indicated in the Mills bill of the Fiftieth Congress. The Mills bill and the principles embodied afterwards in the McKinley bill constituted the issue in the election of 1888. Having been worsted in that election the query is, Will the Democrats adhere to the principles of the Mills bill, or will they recede from it and plant themselves upon a less rugged issue?

The election of Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, to the speakership is accredited to the influence of Governor Hill, and is regarded as unfriendly to the pretensions of Mr. Cleveland. There seems little doubt that Governor Hill is not in accord with Messrs. Cleveland, Carlisle, Mills, Morrison and others upon the tariff question. In a public speech in 1888 he said if he thought the Chicago platform committed his party to free trade he would not support it, and within a year he replied to an invitation to a free trade banquet in language of decisive disapproval of that sentiment. The element of the party which adhered to the views of Mr. Randall in the House of Representatives is friendly to Governor Hill. Mr. Springer, the newly appointed chairman of ways and means, though he supported the Morrison bill of the Forty-ninth Congress, and the Mills bill of the Fiftieth Congress, and who has always been regarded as an extreme partisan, in a recent interview expressed himself in opposition to a general revision of the tariff, and in favor of a few itemized modifications. The prospect therefore is, that the Democrats will not lay out a program, but will substantially have the issue in the next presidential campaign upon the McKinley law. The few modifications suggested will be urged so that it cannot be said that the party assents to the Republican policy. It is also obvious that the changes proposed are for the purpose of influencing the New England vote; for they are particularly favorable to the interests of that section of the nation. Free wool is much wanted by the New England manufacturers, though it would be disastrous to the wool-producing States.

The political game will be played with "a fine Italian hand." The issue of the impending campaign is almost certain to be upon economic questions. The change of attitude by the Democrats from that of broad revision to one of comparatively trifling modification will be regarded by the country as a pretty square backdown, and it may be followed by disastrous results. The question of free silver coinage will cut some figure; and it seems inevitable that the Democrats in the main will be forced to sustain the measure. Such action will tend to counteract the effect of the proposed tariff modification, in New England. There are no indications as to what the Democrats will attempt to do on the measures of the last Congress for stimulating the building up of a merchant marine. There seems to be little doubt that the Democrats are divided into Hillites and Clevelandites upon questions of public and party policies. Hill has the advantage, for he is a practical politician and Cleveland is a theorist and doctrinaire.

As soon as the material needs of man are satisfied he begins to feel a restless desire to create environments about himself that shall be an expression of his spiritual nature.

Here in the new West, where the pioneer labor was opening up the resources of a rich but totally undeveloped and remote section of country, the struggle has been thus far simply to acquire wealth to gratify material needs, and to provide in many cases for a possible future of ease and luxury in some more civilized and populous center of activity. It is only within a

few years that a permanent population has taken root here; it is only within a few years that the rough-board shanty has been superseded by the comfortable frame dwelling or the stone and brick villa; it is only within a few years that settlers have opened their eyes to the positive disadvantages of rough roads cut across fields and along river banks, with no protection against winter washouts or summer dust-storms; it is only within recent years that one finds shrubs and vines about the farmhouses, trees along the roadsides, hedges to protect vineyards and orchards from dust, reservoirs for conserving the superabundance of winter moisture for the protection against summer drought, reading-rooms in small towns for the restless young people, King's Daughter and Chautauqua circles even in the remotest districts.

One may still find broken-down fences, lop-sided barns, bare and desolate dwellings, surrounded by arid patches of sand and adobe beaten hard and sterile by constant travel; one may still find haggard housewives and sallow husbandmen that look like tramps,—people that rise at three in the morning and who work unremittingly until seven at night, retiring without having had one moment's rest, recreation or real pleasure.

A good financier remarked recently that he would ask no better opportunity for making money than he would get by going about the country buying up these farms that are being offered for sale at a sacrifice because they seem to be at the last gasp. He said he would whitewash and mend the fences, build verandas around the house ornamented with the fancy woodwork that is both cheap and fashionable; paint the house in fresh tints of olive or pale brown; plant quick-growing vines about the verandas; move the barns and chicken coops a good bit away from the dwelling, straightening them up, nailing cleats over the gaping cracks, whitewashing them inside and out, and hanging all the doors on good, stout hinges; plant a small lawn or orchard where the barnyard formerly stood; put an arch over the gateway and paint some high-sounding name on it like "Craig y Nos," or "Bellefontaine Terrace;" and then sell the whole outfit to the homeseeker who would surely be attracted by the neat trimness and evident air of prosperity about the farm.

The railway stations of a country are another indication of the growth and prosperity of a community. The first station is a stopping place; this gives way to a bench; then to a draughty shed; then to a box-like but weather-proof shanty. When real maturity arrives and man doffs the barbaric garment of goatskin, outgrows the ugly overalls of blue jean, and dons the neat business suit and the starched collar,—with all that comes the commodious station building of brick or stone, finished inside with polished woods, a cheerful hearth on which blazes a friendly log on cold days, comfortable chairs to rest weary passengers, and around the outside of the building a beautiful patch of garden that entices the tourist to stop and see the place, and often serves to give him his first strong desire to settle in the vicinity permanently.

The first settlers of a territory get along with little other reading matter than that afforded by one or two religious books, and one paper, perhaps, devoted to the technical side of farming interests. They work too hard to feel the need of reading. There soon comes a time when they grow restless for news, fresh or stale, but news. As leisure increases and they find time to think they become more discriminating and establish a local paper, weekly at first, then daily.

With the advent of the illustrated periodicals comes the attempt to have a piano, some colored pictures and a decorative interior; so the sanded floor, the green window shades, the haircloth furniture and the tallow candle pass away.

In literature, all these crudities of the transition period work themselves out in the writings of the country. First we find the simplest record of local news; then a record of foreign affairs is demanded; then comes the production of rhymes and jingles, followed by the simple narrative of daily life as seen with superficial eyes; descriptive writing comes next with the admixture of some sentiment; then, last of all, with respite from exhausting labor and coarse environments, come a finer and more penetrating style of thought-record, reflecting, analytic, epigrammatic, fanciful, lofty and polished.

When men have ceased to struggle like savages for the dollar that is to ward off starvation, or for the dollar which they are straining brawn and muscle to convert into two without lessening the weight, size or appearance of either; when they have grown out of the period when they are insane to gamble for all the possessions of the whole world; when they are content with small and simple things, with a kinship for God and nature,—then from earth's treasure house are brought forth Shakespeares, Schillers, Dantes, Emersons, Holmeses, Whittiers, Spencers and all the great and noble statesmen and thinkers of which history boasts.

Recognizing that environments indicate our prosperity and growth, we should exert ourselves as individuals to hasten, with all the power at our command, that period when mature civilization stands out from the rough block of marble, the perfect form, the crystallized thought, the carved ideal.

THE experiments of the rain-makers, private and governmental, have aroused no little interest, not alone in the arid districts throughout the country, but throughout the world. On one hand we have General G. R. Dyrenforth and his aid claiming (the latter in the October CALIFORNIAN) complete success, while on the other several well-known scientists prove to their own satisfaction and probably that of others that to produce rain in the manner indicated is an impossibility. Time alone will settle the matter; but at least some good results have been produced in calling attention to the fact that many things supposed to be unattainable may yet be possible. Some ingenious person has a wide field in the interests of the orange-growers, as an example. The orange-growers of Florida and Southern California are to a greater or less extent at the mercy of the frost. It is fair to assume that at least once in five years the Florida groves are nipped by this treacherous enemy that slips into the groves in the wee sma' hours of the morning and possesses itself of the growing fruit, the fate of which is sealed by the noonday sun. A few years ago a most disastrous frost made itself felt in Florida, even killing fish far down the coast and out upon the reef. Thousands of dollars passed out of sight in that one night. Every year in Southern California there is the same dread all night. The old trees at Los Angeles and San Gabriel show that the frost has made no inroads upon the trees themselves in twenty years. Last month the mercury took a threatening dip at Riverside, Redlands and other localities, going down to twenty-six degrees in some places, but all in all doing but little harm except to nursery stock. The fall is suggestive, however, that the orange-grower should not be entirely at the mercy of the vagaries of the climate; and that human invention should be able to accomplish something in the premises. To come to the point, what is needed is some arrangement that will raise temperature in the orange groves of places like Riverside. This is at present accomplished in a crude way. A prominent grower stated that during a nipping frost he raised the temperature under his trees three or four degrees by burning a smudge. Let some one invent a systematic method of accomplishing this elevation in all the groves,—some method that is at once cheap and effective,—and fortune and fame await him. We see the orange-grower of the future protected in this way: a dial in his library indicates the approaching fall in temperature; when, instead of rousing the neighborhood and spending the night in the grove, the owner touches a spring, and the universal orange protector begins its work, indicating immediately a rise of temperature in the vicinity of each tree. This may read improbable, even absurd, yet in a crude manner it is being done to-day, and will take form in a few years in a perfected arrangement worked by the Orange Growers' Protective Insurance Company. In other words the company will guarantee to protect the groves from frost as the companies of to-day guarantee against fire.

WAR with Chile seems a long way off at present writing, yet the rumors and excitement attendant upon it have been of the greatest advantage to the Pacific Slope. The people of California have done everything within their power to gain the attention of Congress; Senatorial Committees have been received and entertained; taken around our harbors and regaled with the absurd fortifications and defenses of the Coast. The heads of departments for the last five years have in their reports to the Secretary of War called attention to the fact that the Pacific Coast was defenseless. The people of the citie have sent communications to Congress and the President stating that the lack of a defense of some kind was detrimental to the country, yet nothing was done until there seemed to be a possibility of war with Chile, then a movement was made, and it is reported that a gun or two guns will be sent to San Francisco. The truth is that the present condition of the harbor of San Francisco and San Diego is an outrage upon the people of the State; the defenses are a farce. War is always a possibility, and the ports of this Coast should be placed upon a war footing without delay.

THE article in the present issue of THE CALIFORNIAN on the Chinese—the second in the series—tells a shocking story of the methods employed by the highbinders in their traffic in human beings. It shows that slavery still exists in this country, and that women and children are still bought and sold, educated up, as it were, to a life of horror and shame. It is impossible to state the truth in a magazine that goes into thousands of homes in the country, but to those who are interested in this subject it may be said that one-tenth of the horrors are not told, and have been eliminated from this article. The question for Americans to consider is whether this sort of thing is to go on, if not, how is it to be stopped? It is unquestionably true that the influence of the Chinese upon the American nation is bad, unhealthy in every way. We have restriction now, let legislators take one more step and give us an act that will restrict the highbinders of America in dealing in slaves.

NEW BOOKS

AMELIA B. EDWARDS, probably one of the best Egyptologists living, has recently published, in book form, the lectures she delivered during her visit to the United States. The work is copiously illustrated, and contains, besides, comprehensive notes and references for the use of those not thoroughly familiar with the subject. The table of contents indicates the following topics: "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt;" "Portrait Painting in Ancient Egypt;" "The Hieroglyphic Writing of the Ancient Egyptians," and "Queen Hatasu and her Expedition to the Land of Punt."

William Hamilton Gibson offers us, this year, an exquisite volume entitled "Sharp Eyes: A Rambler's Calendar of Fifty-two Weeks Among Insects, Birds and Flowers." We owe a great deal to Mr. Gibson for the delightful means he employs to familiarize our people with the smaller forms of plant, insect and animal life. Who does not recall with genuine artistic satisfaction the articles in the *Harper's Magazine* for years past, that have carried us over the squirrels' highway, through meadows by lantern light, through New England forests in the tender spring, the rich summer, the mellow autumn and the barren winter time? Few Americans have done more than Gibson to stimulate, to its highest attainment, artistic illustrating in our best periodicals: indeed, he may be credited with the founding of the present school of periodical illustration.

The career of the young Emperor William II. of Germany has been followed with close interest ever since his unexpected accession to the throne. The conservative German element shook its white head with doubt and apprehension for a time; the revolutionary element magnified the eccentricities that in a person in the common walks of life would have been passed unnoticed; the army polished up its equipments in anticipation of immediate outbreak; the press of the whole world worked itself into a fury of prophecy regarding the outcome of establishing on a conservative throne an arbitrary, hot-headed, egotistic, impetuous and callow youth. But Germany has jogged along safely enough under the new ruler; young William has overcome, to a great extent, all antagonisms; diplomatic relations are sustained with dignity; and the commerce of the country thrives. Harold Frederic, the well-known author, in an admirable manner, has just published a most interesting work tracing the character development of the Emperor since his accession to the throne. The work was first published in England, but the demand for it has been so great that an American edition is now offered to the hungry reading public by the Putnams of New York.

There has never been a time when economic subjects demanded as much attention and study as they do to-day. The American Economic Association, of which Francis Walker is the President, and Richard T. Ely the Secretary, now numbers some eighteen hundred members I believe; and to the untiring efforts of this association is due much of the quickening of thought concerning the bettering of our social and material conditions. The latest contribution to the economic literature is an exhaustive report, issued by the United States Government, on the subject of "Streets and Highways in Foreign Countries." The foreign consuls have been required to present full, specific reports of road laws and road construction in their respective countries; and the result is a most valuable and important treatise for the use of those engaged in carrying out public improvements. Well-constructed highways are so necessary to the best development of the commerce of a country that one cannot place too high an estimate on the thoughtful consideration of all branches of knowledge pertaining to the subject. It seems a little singular, but the fact is, the cyclers have done more within a few years to bring the subject to public attention than all the treatises ever written and all the ordinances ever passed in this country; and one of the most prominent cycle manufacturers of this country offers prizes from time to time for able essays on the subject

of road-building, in order to stimulate effort among the people to provide smooth, permanent roads for the comfort of all wheelmen.

How seldom we realize the price paid by genius for recognition and fame! A few years ago a small volume of poems was launched upon the market by a local printing house. The author's name was not familiar, and it was a foreign one. The verse was uneven, and the use of words, in many places, strained and unnatural. Yet through it all one could feel the poet soul struggling for expression in an unfamiliar tongue, so that it might reach a larger reading world. Something interested me in those poems so truly that I sought out the author and asked him to call upon me. He was a slender, young Italian, not yet twenty years of age. He had come to America at the age of nine, but had enjoyed no educational advantages because his family regarded education and a knowledge of books as instruments of Satan, to hasten the fall of mankind. The boy's father kept a bar; and the son washed and wiped glasses, ran errands, learned much that he might better have never known; and, what is stranger than the rest, by some freak of inheritance, he dreamed dreams. The family was large, the income small. Finally the father died. With a legacy of $1,200 realized from the sale of the bar-room accessories, the mother bought out a small restaurant up town where the hands of a cable car company take their meals. Here the young poet found much for his hands to do. At four or five o'clock in the morning he took a light basket and walked to the hills skirting the sea, in search of mushrooms and salads. His mother did the cooking; and he washed the dishes and waited on the patrons, the other half a dozen children being too young to be pressed into intelligent active service. The mother allowed this son three dollars each month for spending money; this he invested in books. Going to the second-hand shops he selected, not the recent works in good condition, but old, torn and shabby volumes, so that he might secure the most for his money. This store he enlarged somewhat by frequently exchanging the read volumes for unread ones. At his home the utmost caution had to be observed with this treasure, for when his family found him absorbed in his reading, they solemnly warned him of the perdition he was surely courting. They themselves could neither read nor write! In the midst of poverty, constant and wearisome drudgery, unsympathetic environments, and a total absence of congenial social intercourse of any kind whatsoever, the young poet burst his chrysalis and began to soar and to sing. I no longer smiled at the limping lines after I gleaned these facts; criticism that would apply to the scholar would be sacrilege when applied to this young singer. His reading had been varied, embracing classical lore, Homeric poetry, history, biography, modern poetry, literary criticism, fiction and Oriental research. In his conversation he quoted freely and correctly from the brilliant writers of all ages; and his criticisms showed a discrimination worthy of a person who had been trained in the best modern schools of thought. His grammatical forms were not always faultless; but his mind was clear and bright. Recently he has issued a second volume of poems which show a wonderful advance in powers of expression. The volume is called "Poems of Humanity." What strange freak has given young Lorenzo Sosso the power he evidently possesses,—the insight that is startling in one so curiously environed? Has the ceaseless struggle against destiny developed or dwarfed his mental and spiritual capacity? Is it a reincarnation? or is it an example of a force that *will not* be suppressed? Permit me to present a few of his thoughts chosen quite at random:

"MYSTERIES.

"Not once has the Sphinx of the Ages
Been answered the question she asked;
Not once have the seers and the sages
Life's mystical meaning unmasked.
Not once has the spirit anointed
Yet entered her temple so vast;
Disheartened, forlorn, disappointed,
We question in vain to the last.

Thus life still conceals her deep story
To which we can scarce give a name;
We catch but a gleam of its glory,
We know but a word of the same.
The rest lies beyond our exploring,
Through Nature's insoluble scope;
Whatever men dream while adoring,
Faith's beautiful idol is Hope."

* * * * * *

"Why should not every spirit be
As calm as sleep, as pure as snow;
Not like a restless, moaning sea,
Forever in fierce ebb and flow."

* * * * * *

"How oft my thoughts are like the stars that pale
Before the glory of the morning sun.
So much to do; so much, alas! undone;
My spirit ever wearily doth bewail.
Yet fragrance of Hope's blossoms I exhale,
Spend nights in dreaming of Fame's laurels won,
As if life's everlasting race were run,
And I were crowned, and men had cried All Hail!
Ah, better to pursue than to perform,
If to perform would cease the fierce desire
That haunts the soul still seeking regions higher,—
The pinnacle surrounded by the storm.
Better the crags of snow 'midst flakes of fire,
Than the sweet South, so dreamy and so warm."

* * * * * *

"Italia, O Italia! if I be
Far from thy clime, and dwell in other lands,
And break the bread of Christ with alien hands,
And boast myself as one among the free,
In vassalage to glorious liberty:
Since never here tyrannic rule demands
Lowly subjection, nor with chains and brands
Binds Freedom's spirit of eternity;
Yet do I dream of thy memorial shore
Which girds thee as a zone some virgin bride,
Beloved by some fair Grecian youth of yore;
And my heart flows unto thee as the tide,
Though thou art not, nor will be evermore,
As beautiful as when Song with Art allied."

The fiction of the month is strangely lacking in character or individuality. The most interesting publications are the translations from Russian and Spanish writers, and even they suffer more or less in the translation. "Tales of Three Centuries," from the Russian of Michael Zagoskin, is the strongest of these foreign works, being infinitely better than anything that Russian writers have contributed to the reading public for some time past.

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1. "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers." Amelia B. Edwards. Harper & Bros. $4.00.

2. "Sharp Eyes." William Hamilton Gibson. Harper & Bros. $5.00.

3. "The Young Emperor William II. of Germany." Harold Frederic. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

4. "Streets and Highways in Foreign Countries." Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1891.

5. "Poems of Humanity." Lorenzo Sosso. San Francisco.

6. "Tales of Three Centuries." From the Russian of Michael Zagoskin. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.00.

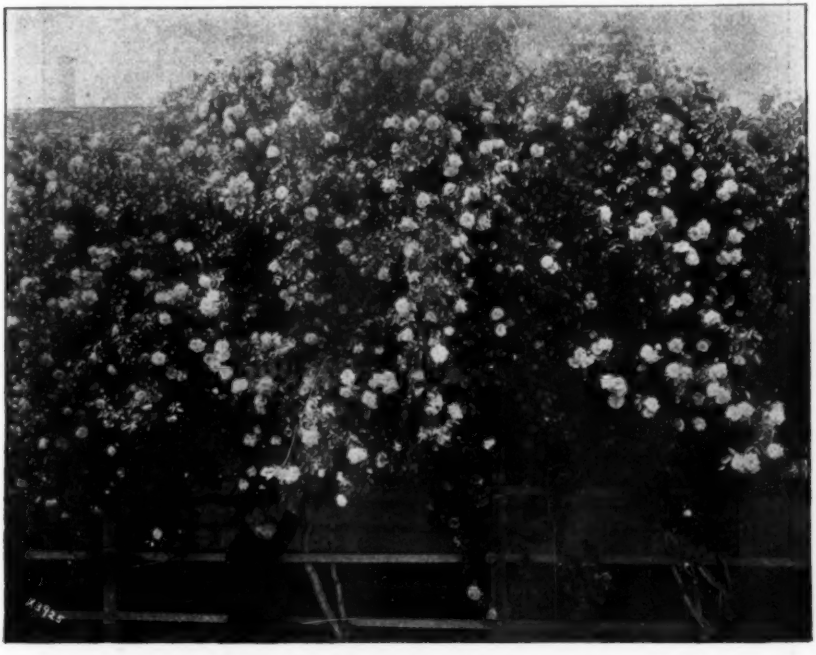
MADERA.

By Henry Bowerman.

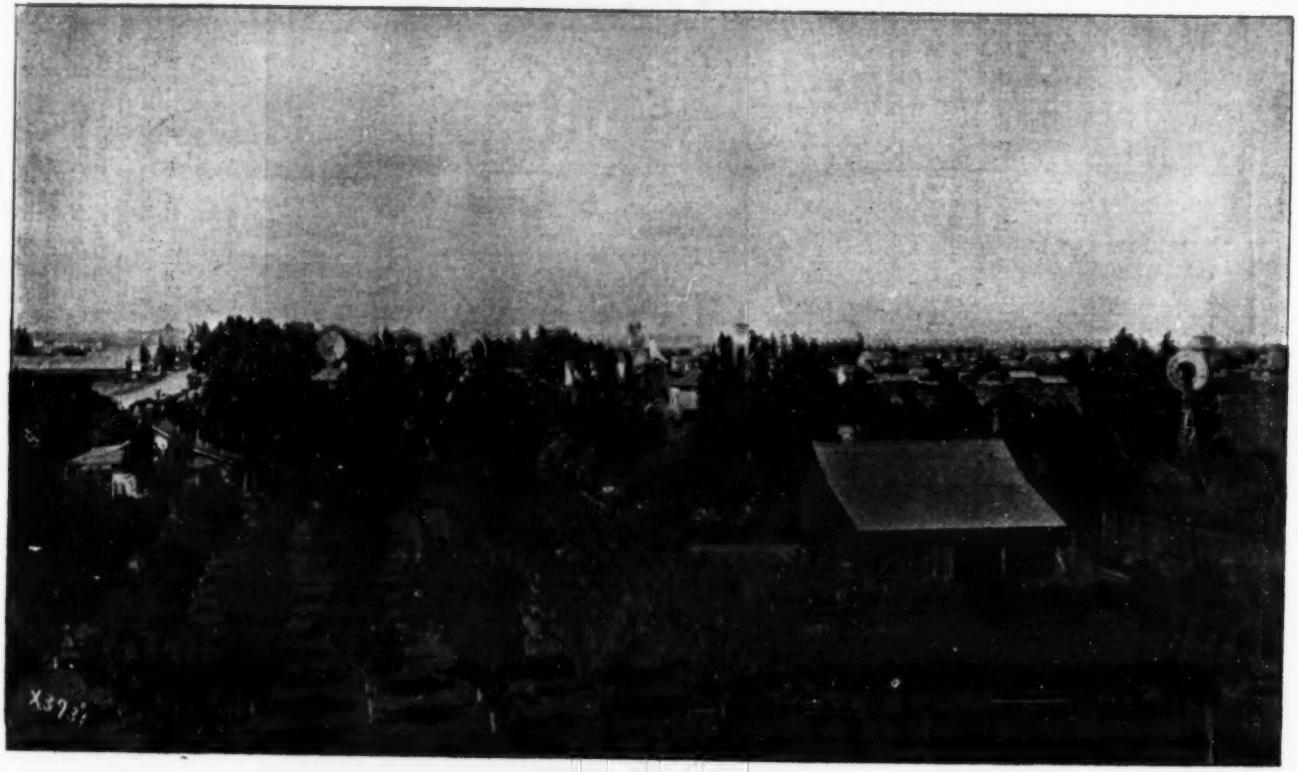
TAKING the population and size of Madera into consideration, it far excels any other place in Fresno County in business activity, liveliness, growth and money in circulation. So rapidly is the population increasing that there are not enough houses, compelling many to board in lodging-houses or hotels.

The cause of this is the rapid development of the surrounding country, and its being the distributing point for the Madera Flume and Trading Company, which has the largest lumber interests in the State, employing one hundred and thirty men at the present time. Considerable revenue is derived from the mining towns of the county, Madera being the nearest town from which to purchase necessary supplies.

Madera is located in the northern part of the county, and is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 187 miles south of San Francisco, and twenty-three miles north of Fresno city.



A Winter Rosebush,—the Madera Postoffice.



Madera, from the Schoolhouse.

In 1874 the California Lumber Company, consisting of P. D. Wigginton, G. H. Cokeman, John Montgomery, W. H. Thurman and J. J. Dickeson, was formed to cut timber in the Sierra Nevada Mountains for the market. A "V" flume was built in 1876, commencing at the headwaters of the San Joaquin and Fresno rivers, and is now fifty-four and three-quarters miles long, later bought the balance of the townsite from Mr. Friedlander.

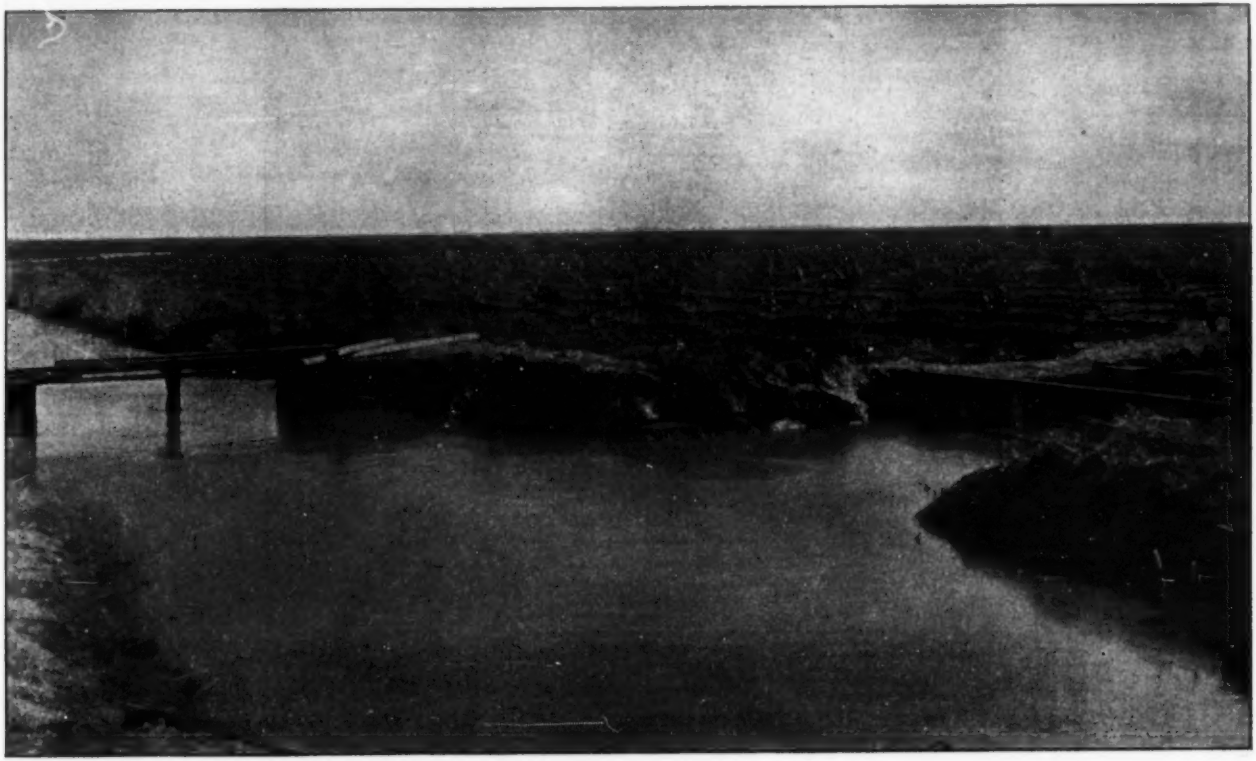
Later, the following additions have been added: Hughes, 320 acres; Lankersheim, 320 acres; and Myers, 40 acres. The population inside of the old lines at the last census taken, was twelve hundred, and including the additions amounts to fully three hundred more.

Eucalyptus Avenue, Madera.

ending at the town, where a planing-mill manufactures the logs into sashes, doors, window blinds and boxes.

The townsite of 160 acres was originally owned equally between the California Lumber Company and Isaac Friedlander, the capitalist; but in 1878 the Madera Flume and Trading Company was formed, and purchased the interests of the former, and a year

The Madera Flume and Trading Company, with a capital of $500,000, is the principal corporation, and has the largest interests in the town. During the past year eighteen million feet of lumber were cut at the two steam sawmills, one situated at the headwaters of the Fresno River, and the other on the north branch of the San Joaquin River, both fifty-five miles



Irrigating Ditch, Madera.

east of Madera, and sent down the flume, the longest of its kind in the world. Lumber is very cheap, and the expense of building consequently less.

In 1880, except right around the depot, where there were a few buildings, all was a bare plain; but when it was found that Fresno lands were so suitable to the raising of raisin grapes, the land was rapidly bought up, but not put under cultivation for some time, owing to the expense that must necessarily be incurred to dig irrigating ditches. In 1886, however, a dam was built across the Fresno River, and a system of canals constructed that furnishes water for 15,000 acres.

With the certainty of water, the Equitable Homestead Corporation, John Brown Colonies and Howard and Wilson Colony were started, all of which are in a thriving condition. The development of the surrounding country naturally gave a great impetus to the town, and since 1887 the Yosemite Hotel, Roberts Building, Masonic Block, Rosenthal Building, Gordon & Manasse Block, Smidtze Building, Rosedale Block and Mace Buildings, all substantial brick, have been erected.

From a cluster of a half dozen houses in 1880 Madera has grown to a village of four hundred buildings, with several more in course of construction and a number to be put up in the spring.

The pioneers, who have been associated from the start with the town's interests are Captain R. P. Mace, proprietor of the Yosemite Hotel, Return Roberts, the capitalist, who is president of the bank and head of the Flume and Trading Company, and W. O. Breyfogle.

Madera is governed by a Board of Fire Commissioners, consisting of Messrs. Roberts, Rosenthal and Curtin. The fire company is composed of volunteers from the business men of the town, and has a hand fire-engine and hose-cart.

Bank of Madera.

The Bank of Madera does a large business. The stock is held largely by the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, giving it a solidity that few country banks possess. Its officers are Return Roberts, president; A. J. Etter, vice-president; D. M. Tomblin, cashier, and J. E. Newman, secretary. The capital stock is $100,000, $50,000 of which is paid up.

The *Mercury*, established seven years ago, E. E. Vincent, publisher, and W. D. Bresee, editor, well represents the town's interests and is a bright, newsy sheet.

The Madera Athletic Club, formed October 1, 1891, is in a thriving condition, with a membership of fifty. Their hall is in constant demand for theatrical troupes and entertainments.

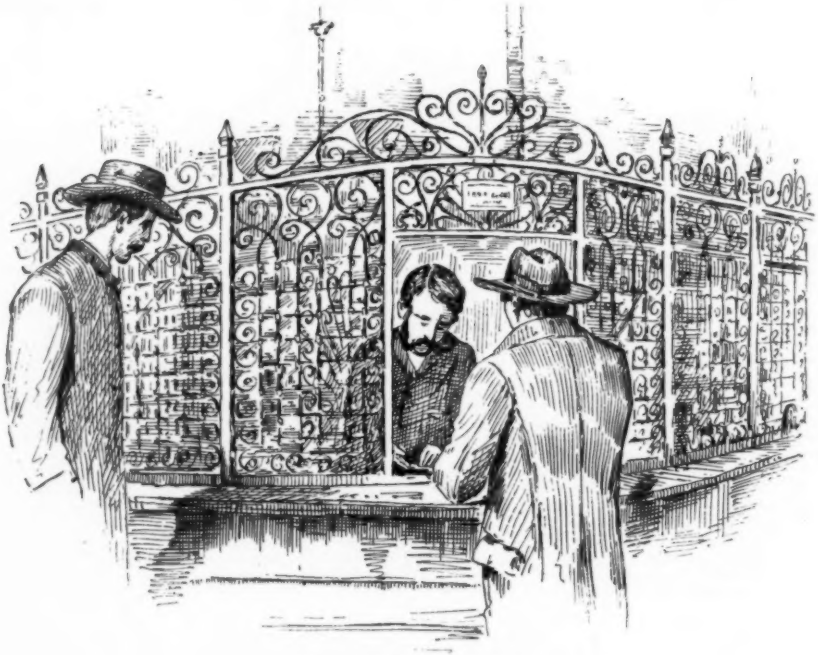
Madera's one disadvantage is her streets, but contracts have been made, and they will be graded in the spring. A company is in course of formation to build an electric street-railway from one end of the town to the other, and when finished then indeed will Madera excel.

Its population is composed of young men of vim and spirit who are full of activity, and to them is the credit due.

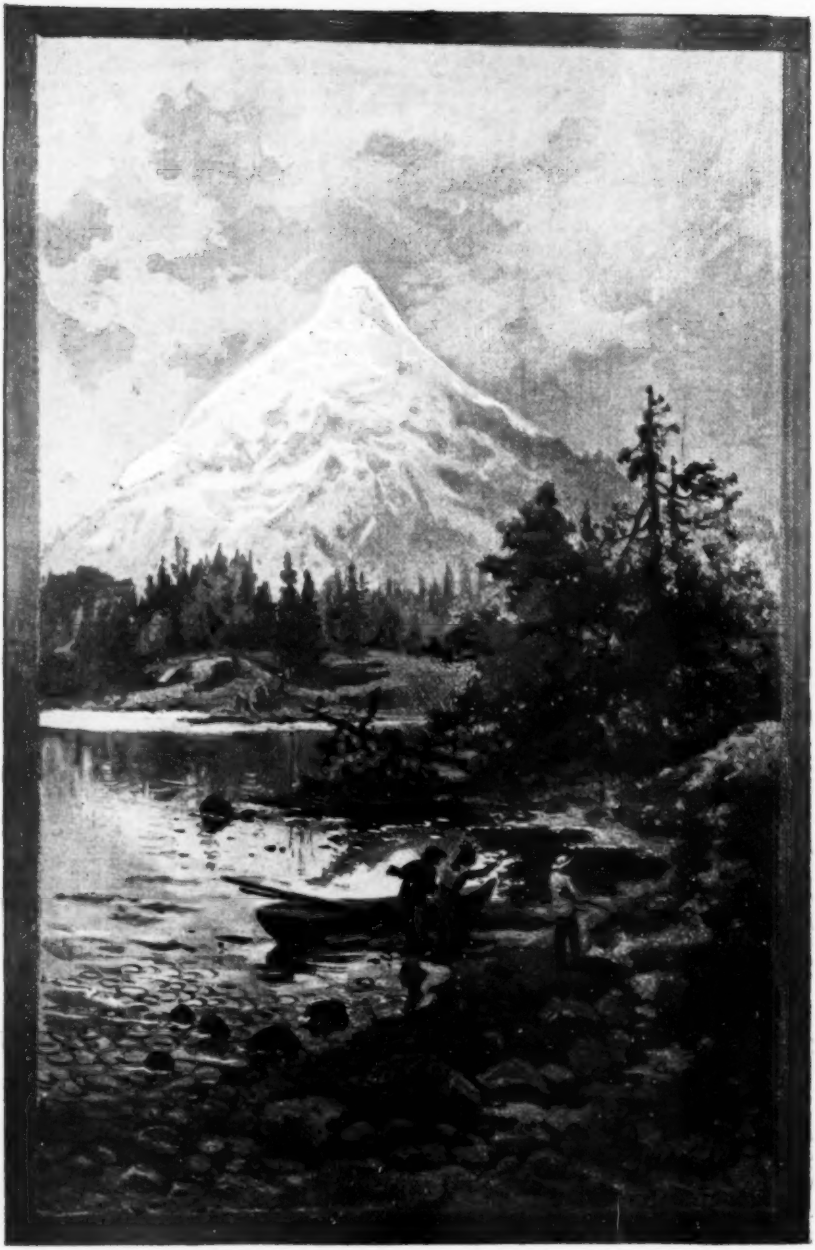
Among the many advantages there are none that recommend the town more to one having a family than its excellent public school and churches. There is one of the former and two of the latter.

Climate and soil are similar to those of Fresno, and all the praises that have been sung of Fresno city apply equally as well to Madera, the fortunate.

Large tracts of land are laid out to vineyard and orchard, which will soon come into bearing and yield still greater incomes to the owners and business men of the town.



Interior of Bank of Madera.



The Highest Mountain in North America.
Mount St. Elias, 19,000 Feet.